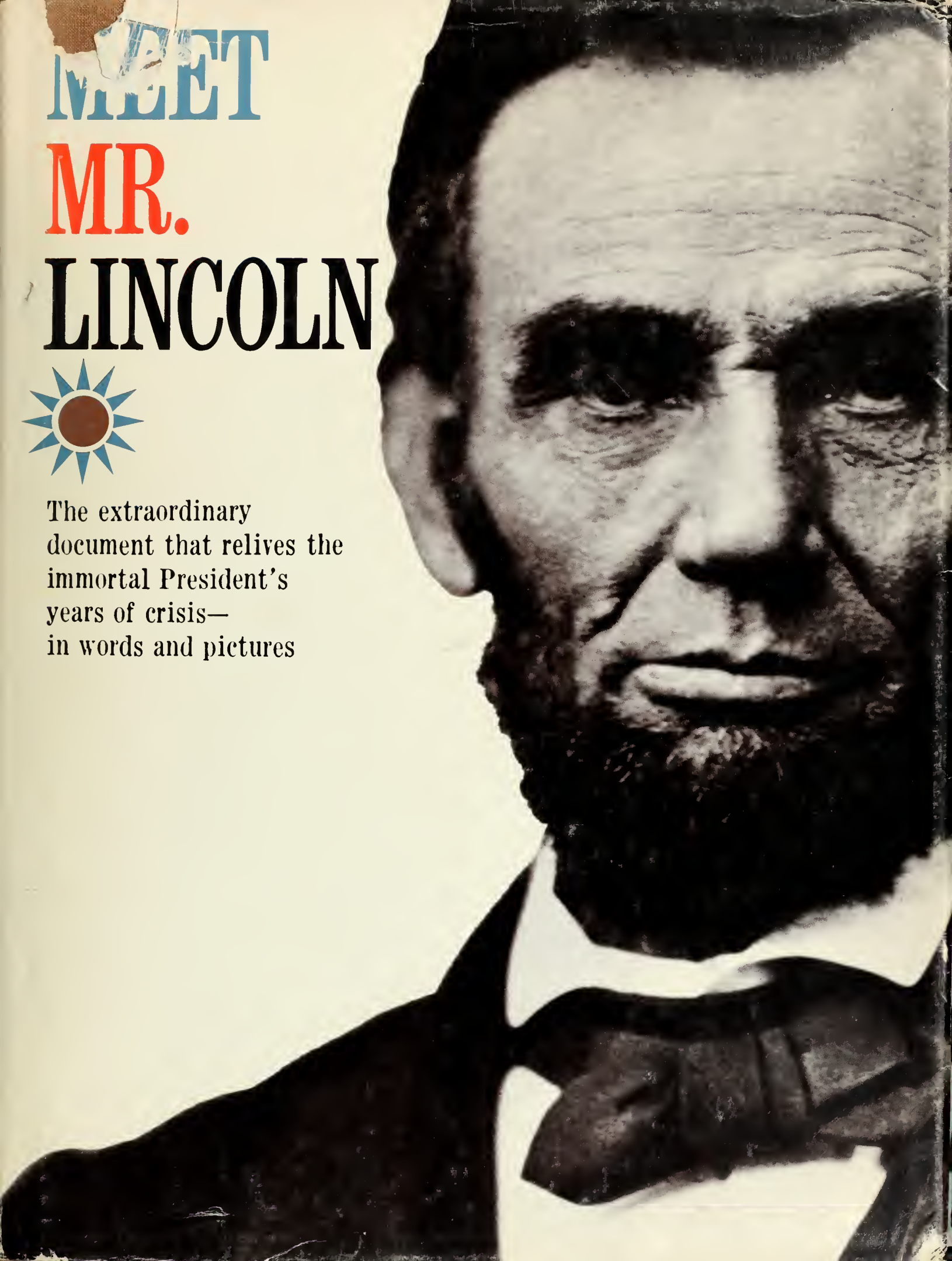
MEET MR. LINCOLN



The extraordinary document that relives the immortal President's years of crisis— in words and pictures

When MEET MR. LINCOLN was first presented by the National Broadcasting Company on February 11, 1959, it was called "a television masterpiece" by the New York Herald Tribune, a judgment echoed by press and public across the country. The fusing of authentic photographs, prints, and drawings from Lincoln's time with a narration which "reached into the heart of Lincoln" (to quote another critic) provided millions with a memorable and moving theatrical experience.

This book has been created by Ridge Press from the original Project Twenty television program, produced by Donald B. Hyatt.

(continued on back flap)

$5.00

MEET MR. LINCOLN

LINCOLN ROOM
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
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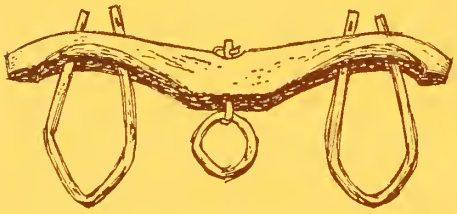

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A Ridge Press Book / Golden Press, New York

MEET MR. LINCOLN

By Richard Hanser and Donald B. Hyatt

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FOREWORD

MEET MR. LINCOLN was conceived as a dramatic essay about a man whose simplicity of being was the spirit of his greatness. In our time, it is a greatness that travels the world, a spirit that lives in distant places. Yet, in America, something has happened to the Lincoln legend, something has passed away. A kind of pleasant myth has sapped the strength of an exciting reality. Perhaps it is because we in America, in childlike innocence, have too eagerly accepted Lincoln in godlike terms, or perhaps it is because, in adult pride, we have ignored the person in order to create a proud image on a towering pedestal, obscured in wispy clouds of blind allegiance. Whatever—the beauty of Lincoln has too often been colored by the cloak of complexity.

To be sure, Lincoln was a man of wondrous depth, of warm love and craggy manner, of slow, brilliant reasoning and quick, hand-hewn philosophy, of softness and hardness, and in appearance a paradox, a beautiful ugliness that was poetry in expression.

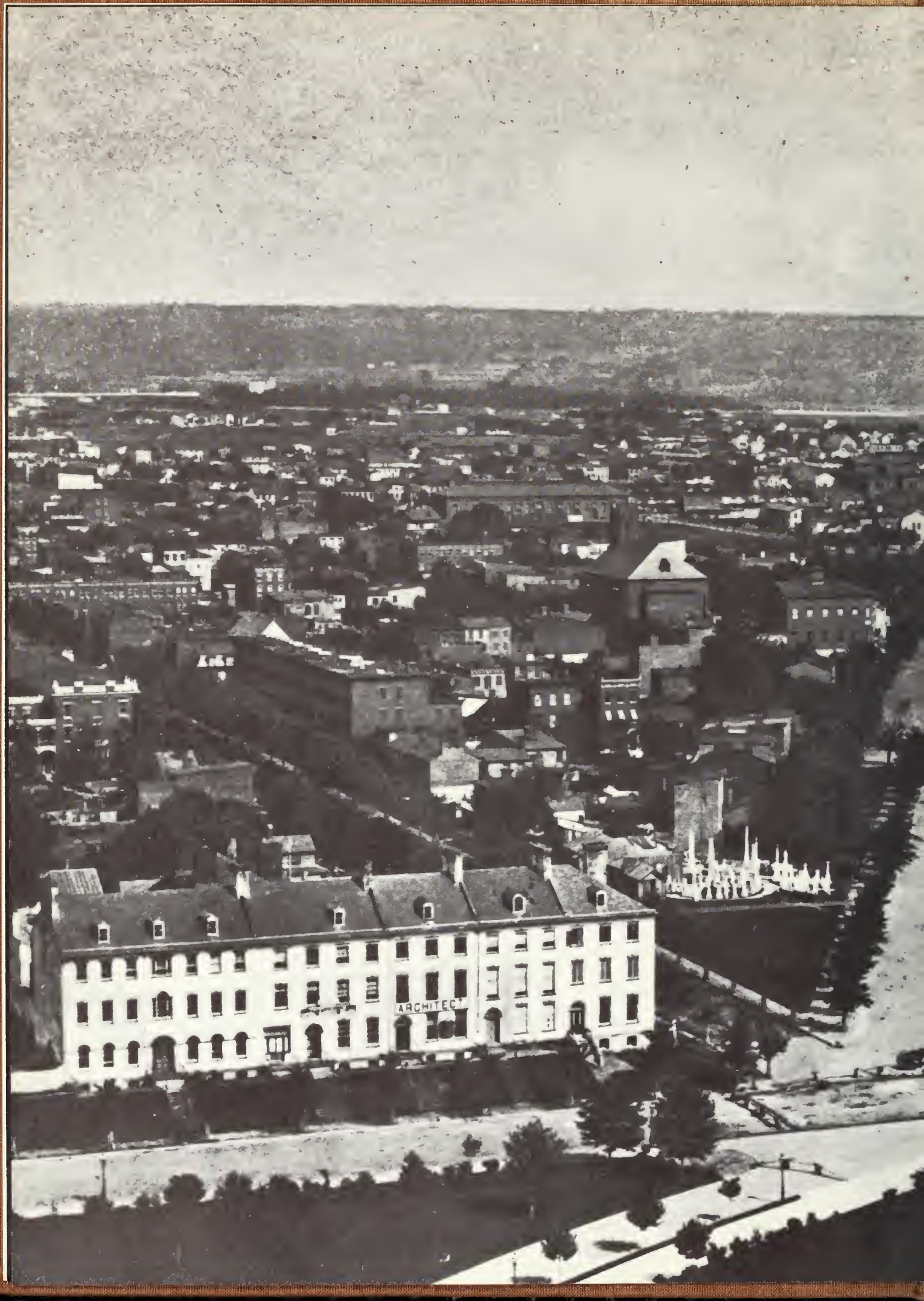
He was a man loved and hated for the same thing at the same time. He was all the things that men are, and if there is any mystery about the man Lincoln, it is because he was infinitely human. That was his greatness and his genius, created from a thousand complexities, but molded into a oneness of purpose.

Our story is about that oneness. It is a story that is told with a freshness and simplicity that captures the essence of Lincoln. And by a blending of pictures and words, the story is told in a new and dramatic manner, with a sweep of history such as no text or picture book alone could do.

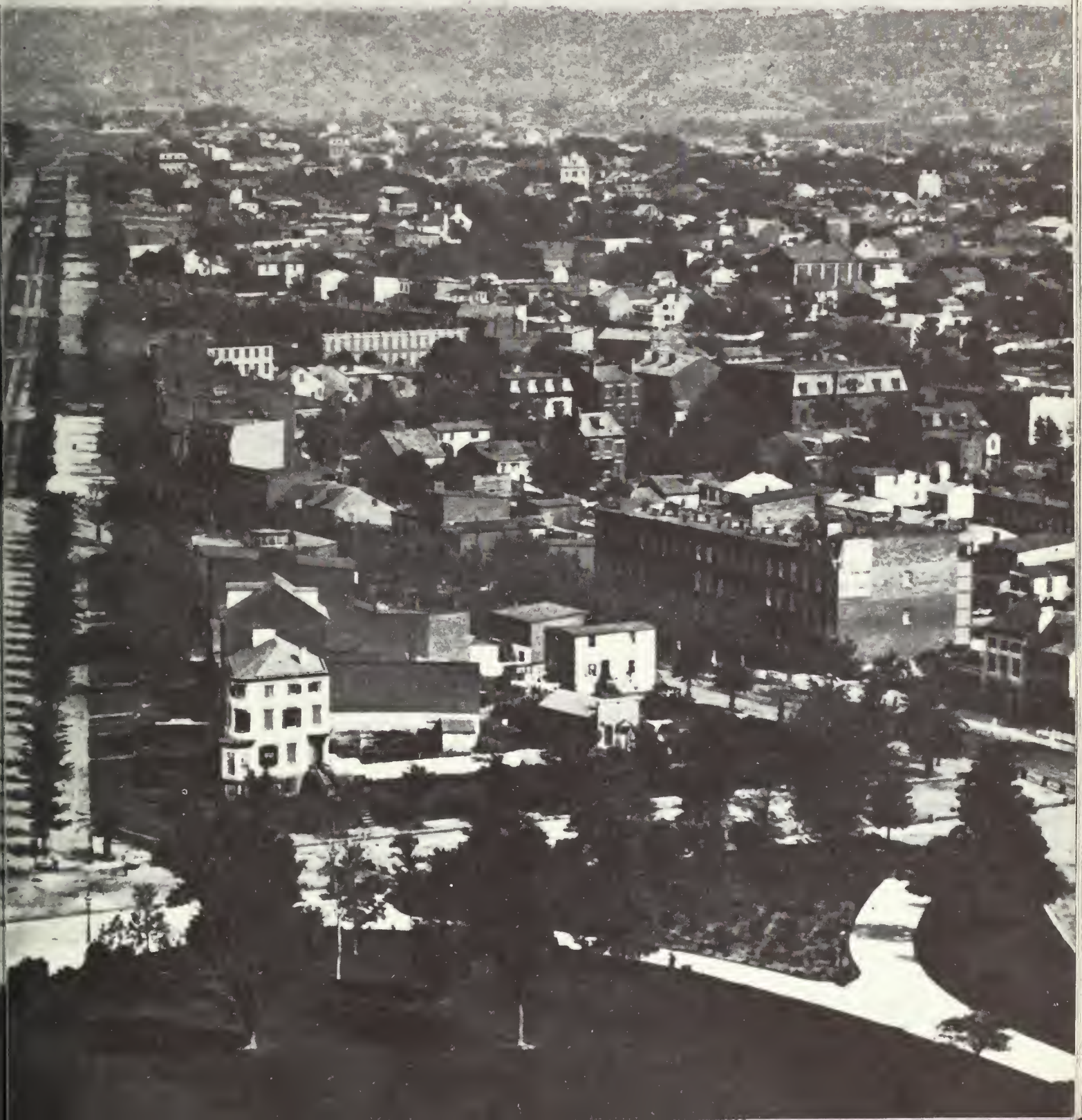
MEET MR. LINCOLN was televised by the National Broadcasting Company—and sponsored by the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company—as a Project Twenty event on the 150th anniversary of Lincoln's birth. Richard Hanser's text, which has been described as a kind of "graphic poetry," draws largely upon Lincoln's own words. The pictures, selected by Daniel W. Jones and his assistants from 25,000 photographs, daguerreotypes, and prints, were gathered from archives and private collections throughout the country. They are a unique heritage of America, illuminating powerfully human moments of history that no words could describe. We can thank Matthew Brady, Alexander Gardner, Alexander Hesler, and many unknowns for these riches.

On the following pages, MEET MR. LINCOLN is faithfully preserved for leisurely study; through the highlighting of historical events that are the backdrop for the drama of Lincoln, we feel that you will truly MEET MR. LINCOLN.

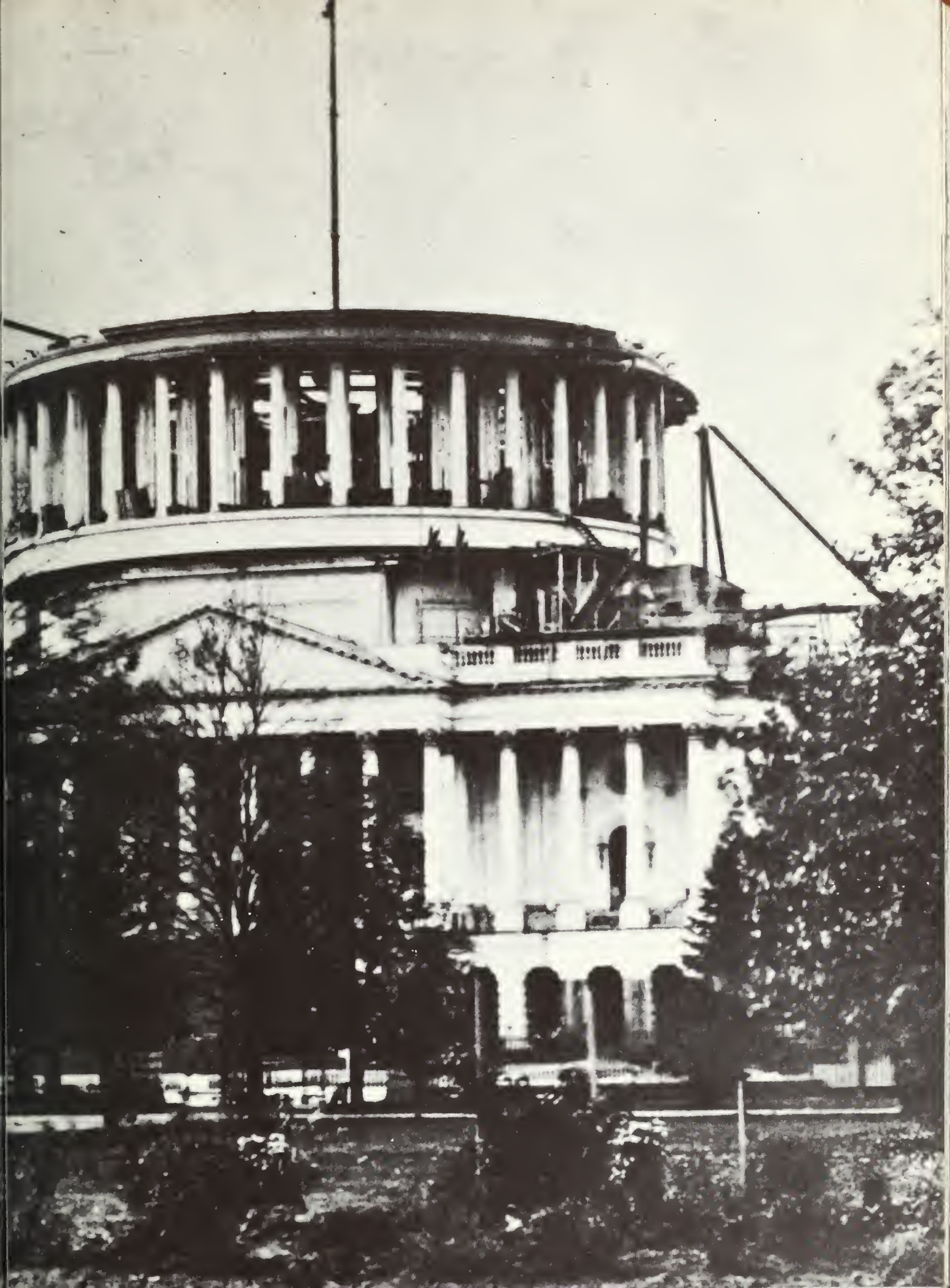
Donald B. Hyatt
Producer-director, MEET MR. LINCOLN


ARCHITECT

Washington in November of 1860:
an uneasy city awaits a newly elected President,
and in the still unfinished dome of
the Capitol some see a sign of the times—



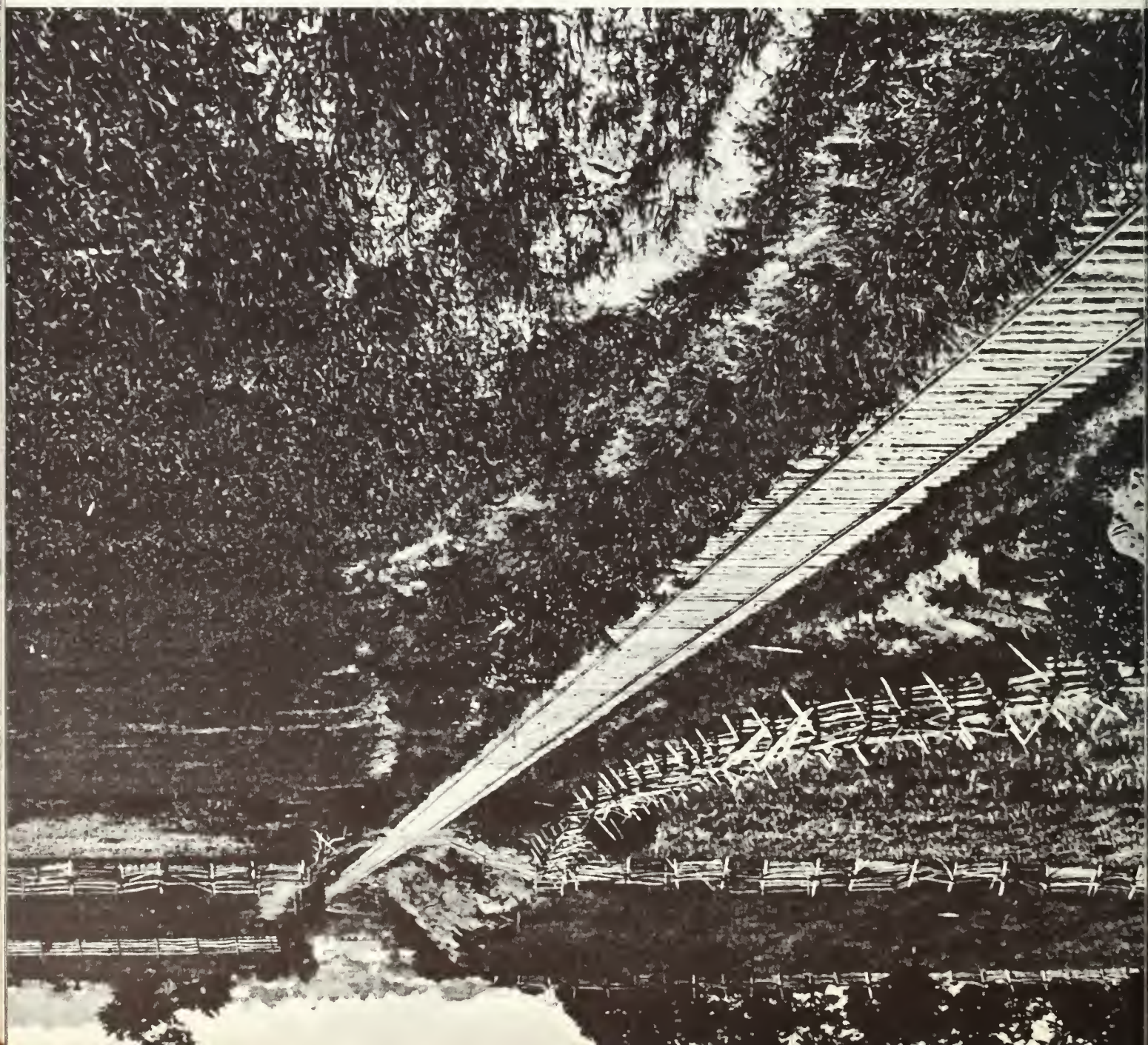
"unfinished, like the Union itself."



HANDS
OFFICE 117 WALL ST
For Washington, D.C.
GEORGETOWN & ALEXANDRIA

It is a bustling time, a thriving
country. But the President-elect
himself has called this America
"a house divided." Other voices speak
even more ominously: "We live
in the midst of strong agitations
and we are surrounded by
very considerable dangers to our
institutions and government."
For thirty-one million Americans,
a turning point has come.

All across the country now, eyes
turn toward the American heartland,
toward the President-elect.
Many are asking:
What do we know of him but that "he was
born in the wilds of Kentucky and
reared in the wilds of Indiana and Illinois?"
His campaign song had gone:
Old Abe Lincoln came
Out of the wilderness,
Out of the wilderness
Down in Illinois.
The "Rail Splitter" candidate, the
campaigners called him,
the "backwoodsman."
But who is this Lincoln? You must
travel to a place called Springfield to
find out. They know him there.



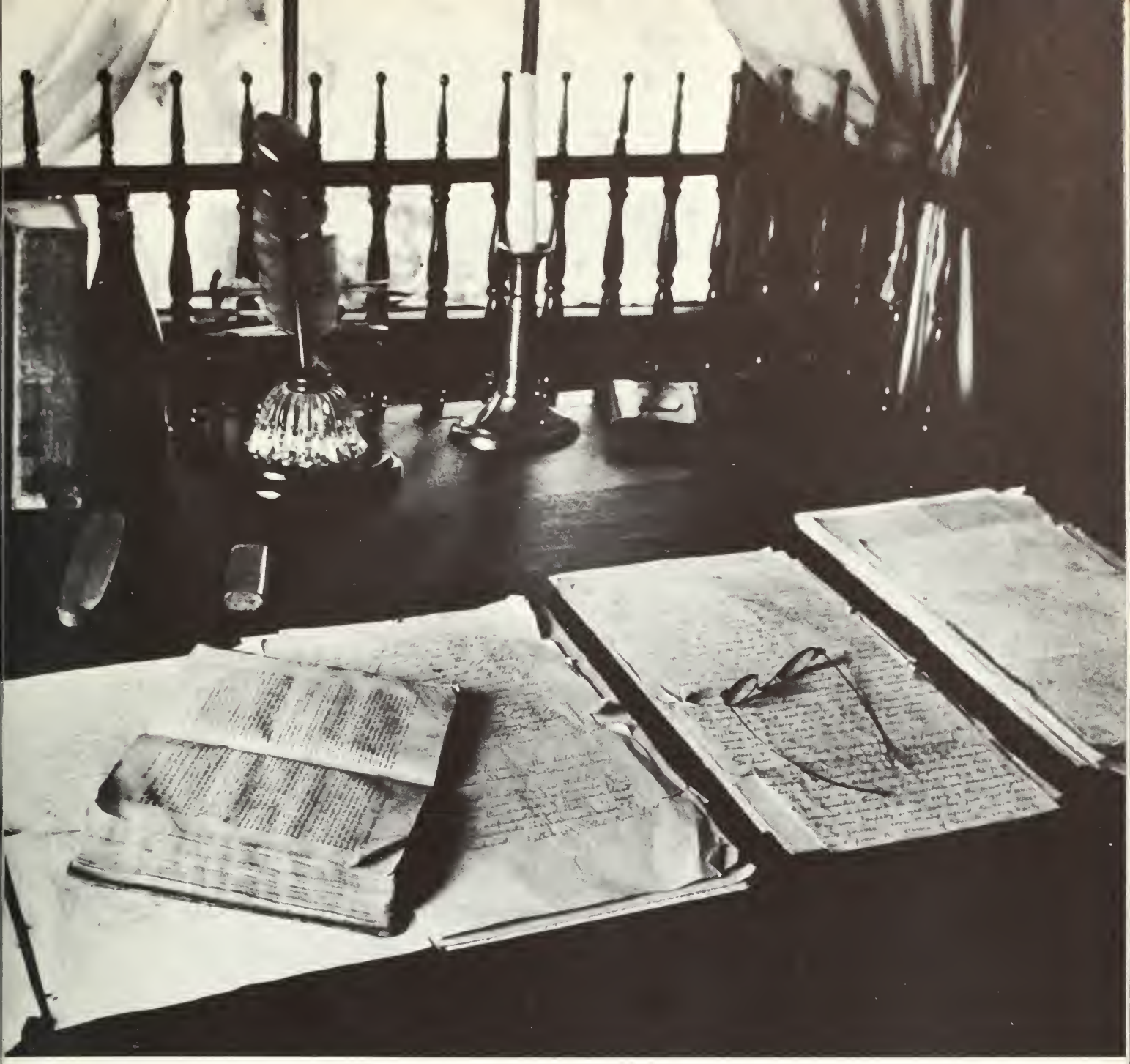
COOK'S HALL
DRUG STORE
CROCKE

He started out,
in his own words,
as "a strange,
friendless,
uneducated,
penniless boy,"
but there he grew
and developed
at a time
and place
of great growth
and development.

Through a quarter-century, they watched his rise:
from self-taught lawyer to a force
in State politics, and trustee of his adopted town.
Now the people have called him from Springfield to face
a task which, as he tells his fellow-townsmen,
is "greater than that which rested on George Washington."

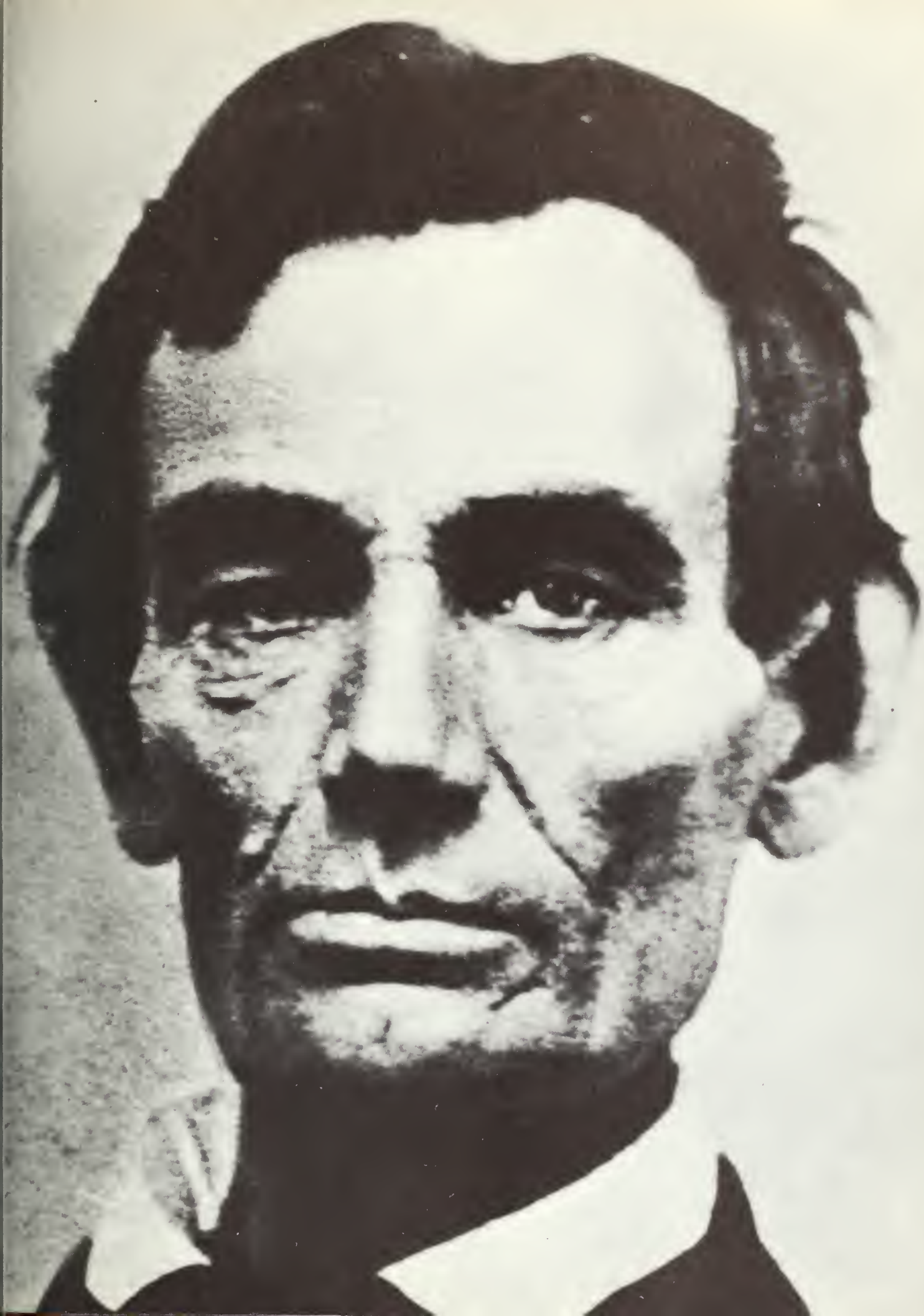
He has come a
far journey
from the log cabin
of his backwoods
birth to this
comfortable home —

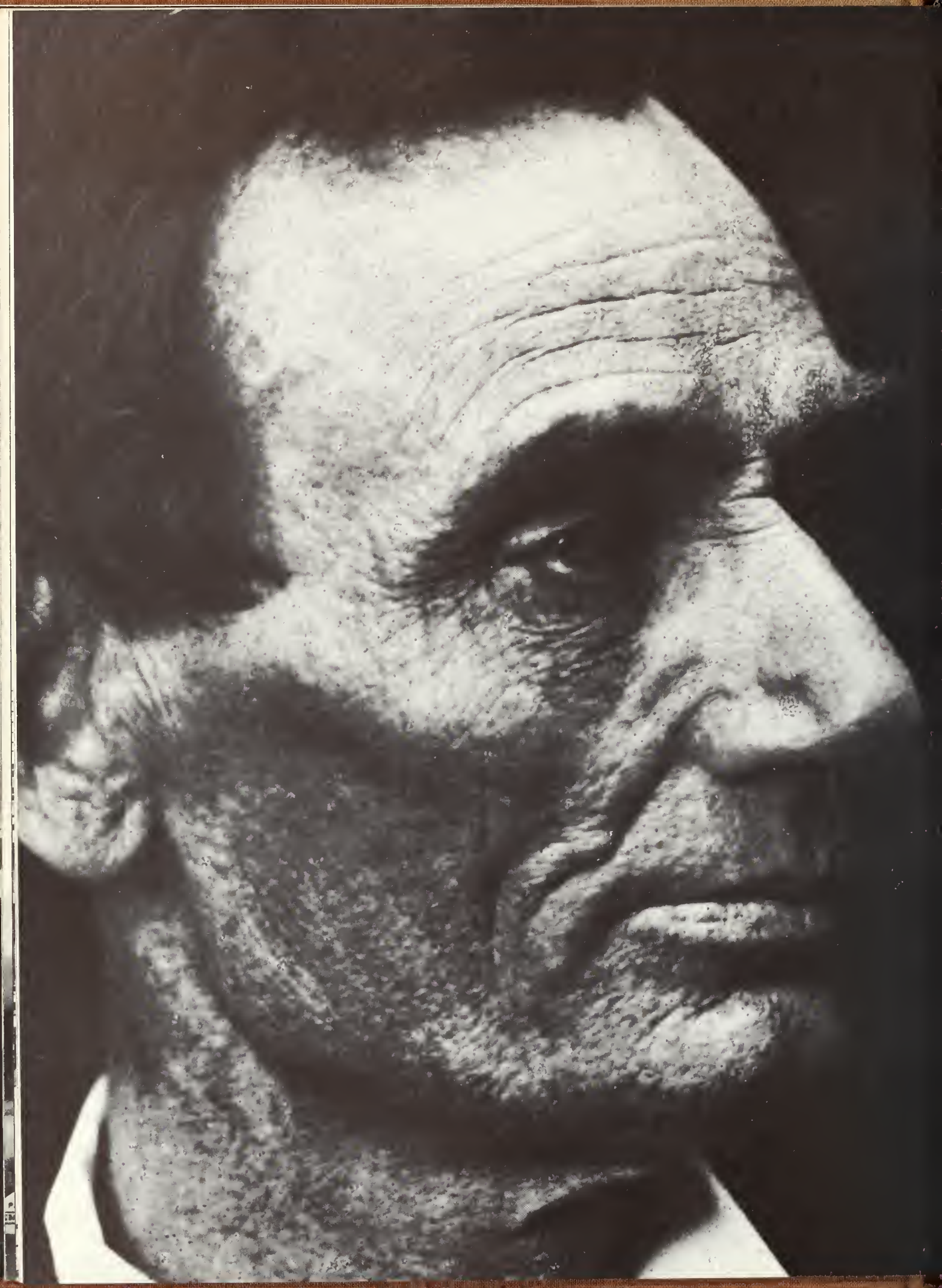
A.LINCOLN

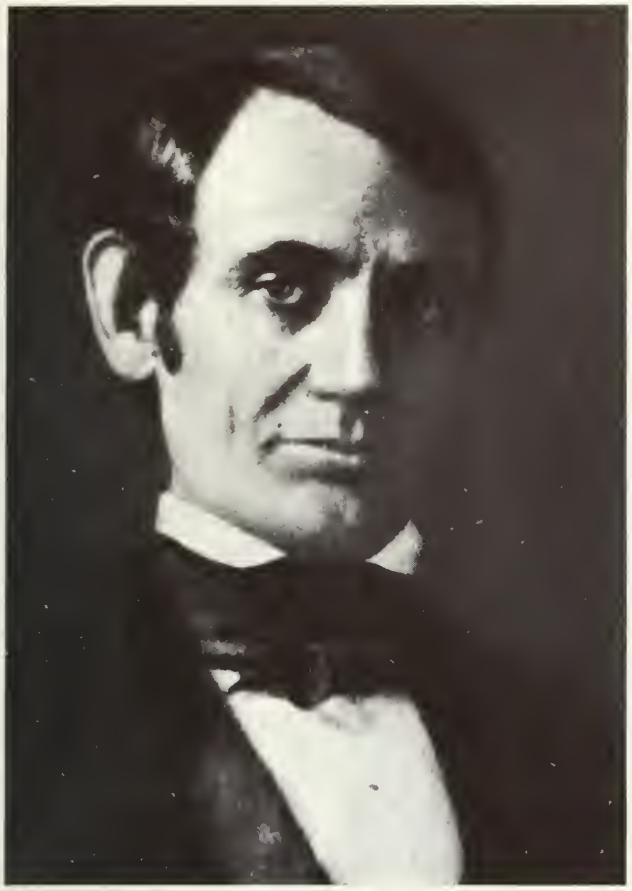


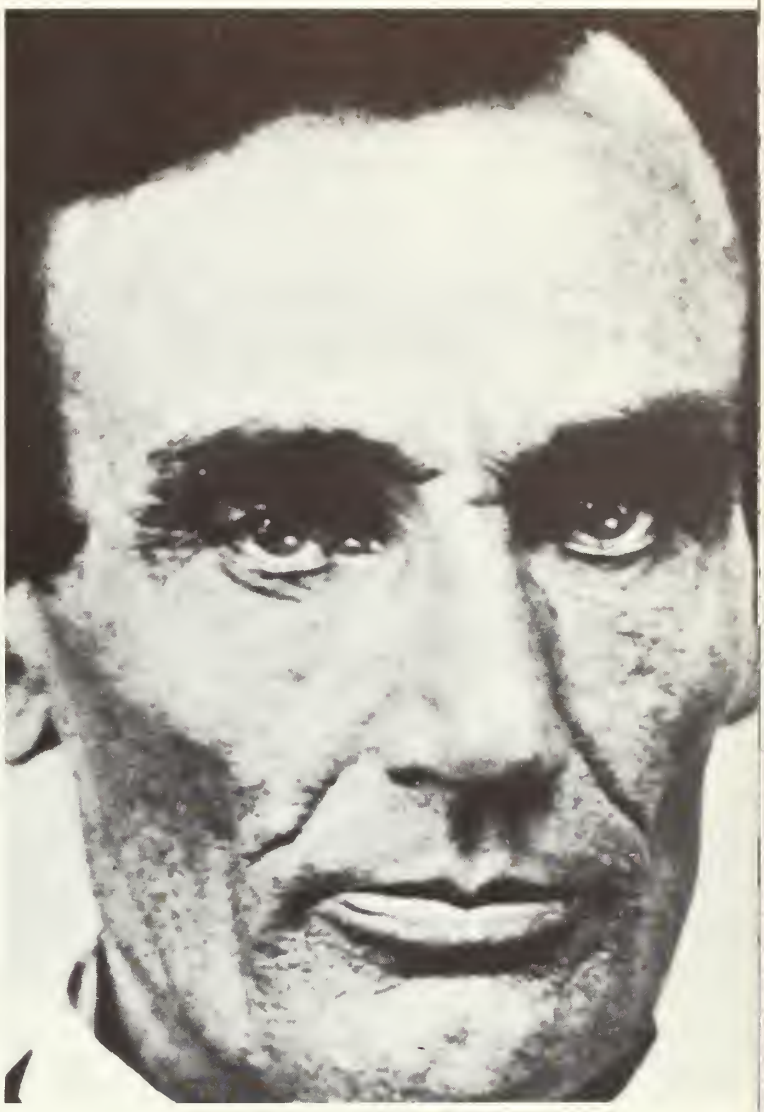
the home of a successful
provincial lawyer and politician.
But for America the question persists:
Is he more than that?
Is there something deeper?

There is.









As a State legislator and
Congressman, as a searching,
probing student of democracy
and its workings, he
slowly, quietly ripened
and deepened through the years.
When great national issues
challenged him, he was ready.

His great debates with "The Little Giant"—Senator Stephen A. Douglas—in 1858 "set the prairies on fire" and spread his name across the country. Listeners felt something "elemental and mystical" in his speeches of "unyielding hostility" to the spread of slavery into the new territories of the West. As "the prophetic man of the present," the new Republican Party made him its presidential candidate. Now, as President-elect, his position remains unchanged: "On the question of extending slavery, I am inflexible."

KNOX COLLEGE

$1200 TO 1250 DOLLARS!

FOR NEGROES!!

THE undersigned wishes to purchase a large lot of NEGROES for the New Orleans market. I will pay $1200 to $1250 for No. 1 young men, and $850 to $1000 for No. 1 young women. In fact I will pay more for likely

NEGROES,

Than any other trader in Kentucky. My office is adjoining the Broadway Hotel, on Broadway, Lexington, Ky., where I or my Agent can always be found.

WM. F. TALBOTT.

LEXINGTON, JULY 2, 1853.

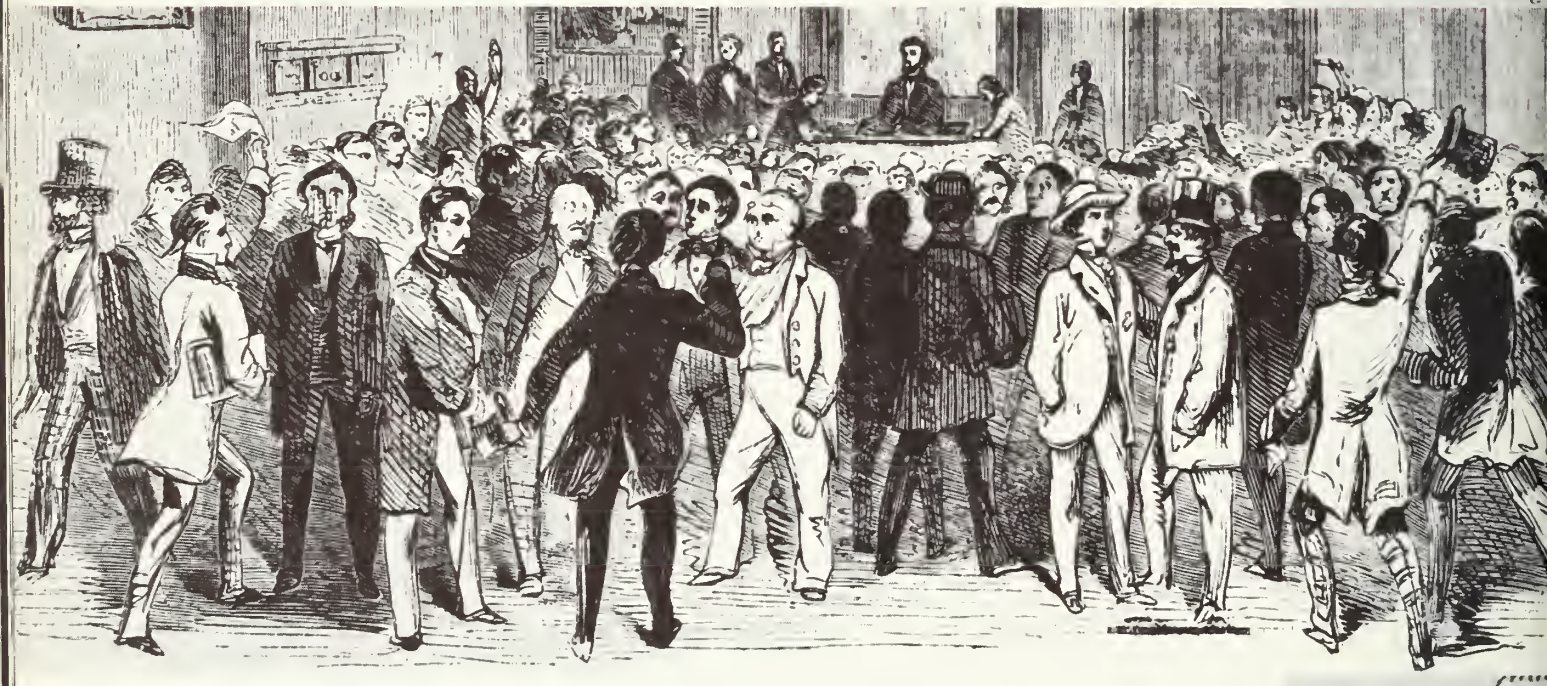
Where the "peculiar institution" already exists,
Abraham Lincoln intends no interference
by the Government. He favors "toleration
by necessity." But in the South his election seems
a menace to the very survival of an
agrarian society based on the labor of some
three million slaves, to a system long sanctioned
by custom and the Constitution. And the South remembers
another Lincoln saying and deeply distrusts
him for it: "I believe this Government cannot
endure permanently half slave and half free."

Long ago the prediction was made: "Sir, slavery will not be overthrown

without excitement, a most tremendous excitement.'' So it proves.

All through the South the tremor runs,
the convulsion of a once-serene society that
feels itself threatened with extinction.

In Charleston, South Carolina
—in December of 1860—
the fabric of the Union,
long strained in the violent
tug-of-war between North and
South, is torn asunder.
In Institute Hall, where men
shout, "Resistance to Lincoln
is obediance to God!"
an Ordinance of
Secession declares South
Carolina a "separate and
independent State."



South Carolina.

At a Convention of the People of the State of South Carolina, begun and holden at Columbia, on the Seventeenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Sixty, and thence continued by adjournment to Charleston, and there by divers adjournments to the Twentieth day of December in the same year —

"dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the compact entitled "nd States of America"

South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, That the Ordinance adopted twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord One thousand Seven hundred and eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United d, and also all Acts and parts of Acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying amendments of the said Constitution are he tain now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of "The United States of America", is hereby dissolved.

Done at Charleston, the twentieth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Sixty

D. F. Jamison — Delegate from Barnwell and President of the Convention

J. Arthur — Clerk of the Convention.

The following February -- even
before Lincoln can be inaugurated
— six other states join
the movement. In Montgomery, Alabama,
the Confederate States of America
are founded. Their President:
the former Secretary of War,
Jefferson Davis of Mississippi.

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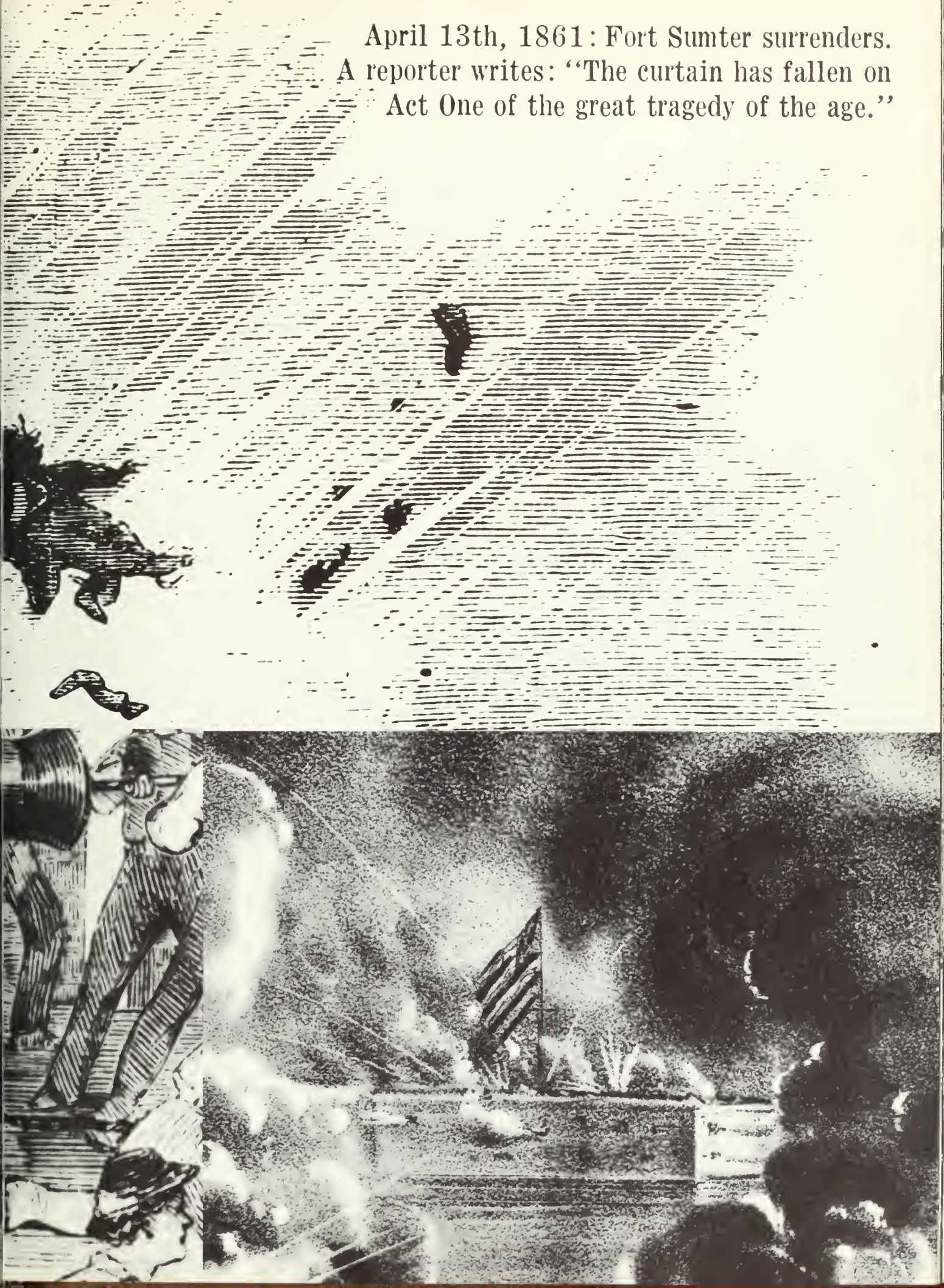
Abraham Lincoln, aged 52, sixteenth American President: bearded now, and somber, on this somber Inauguration Day—March the 4th, 1861. Almost his opening words are a reassurance to the South that he intends no action against its "property, peace, and security." And, as he pleads for calmness and forbearance, he stresses two of his deepest convictions. He says: "I hold that the Union of these States is perpetual."

And he asks: "Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?"
"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war.
The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend' it!"

But now a crisis quickly looms that no eloquence can soothe or diminish: Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, symbol to the North of the Federal authority that must be maintained if the flag is not to become "the hiss and scoff of the world." For the South, Sumter is a symbol of domination by a "foreign" power, an intolerable affront to the sovereignty of an independent State. The North will not withdraw; the South acts.

April 13th, 1861: Fort Sumter surrenders. A reporter writes: "The curtain has fallen on Act One of the great tragedy of the age."



WAR!

AT LAST.

TO ARMS!

To Arms! To Arms!

Defend your Homes and Firesides.

A young Northerner, who speaks
for thousands North and South, exults:
"The greatness of the crisis, the
Homeric grandeur of the contest, surrounds
and elevates us all." So the Civil War
begins, with high-flown rhetoric...

with picture-book poses.

6

"So large an army as the Government now has on foot," says Abraham Lincoln, "was never known before, without a soldier in it but has taken his place there of his own free choice."

But for months after Fort
Sumter, there is no major fighting.
War seems an agreeable routine.
An Illinois recruit writes home:
"I never enjoyed anything
in the world as I do this life."

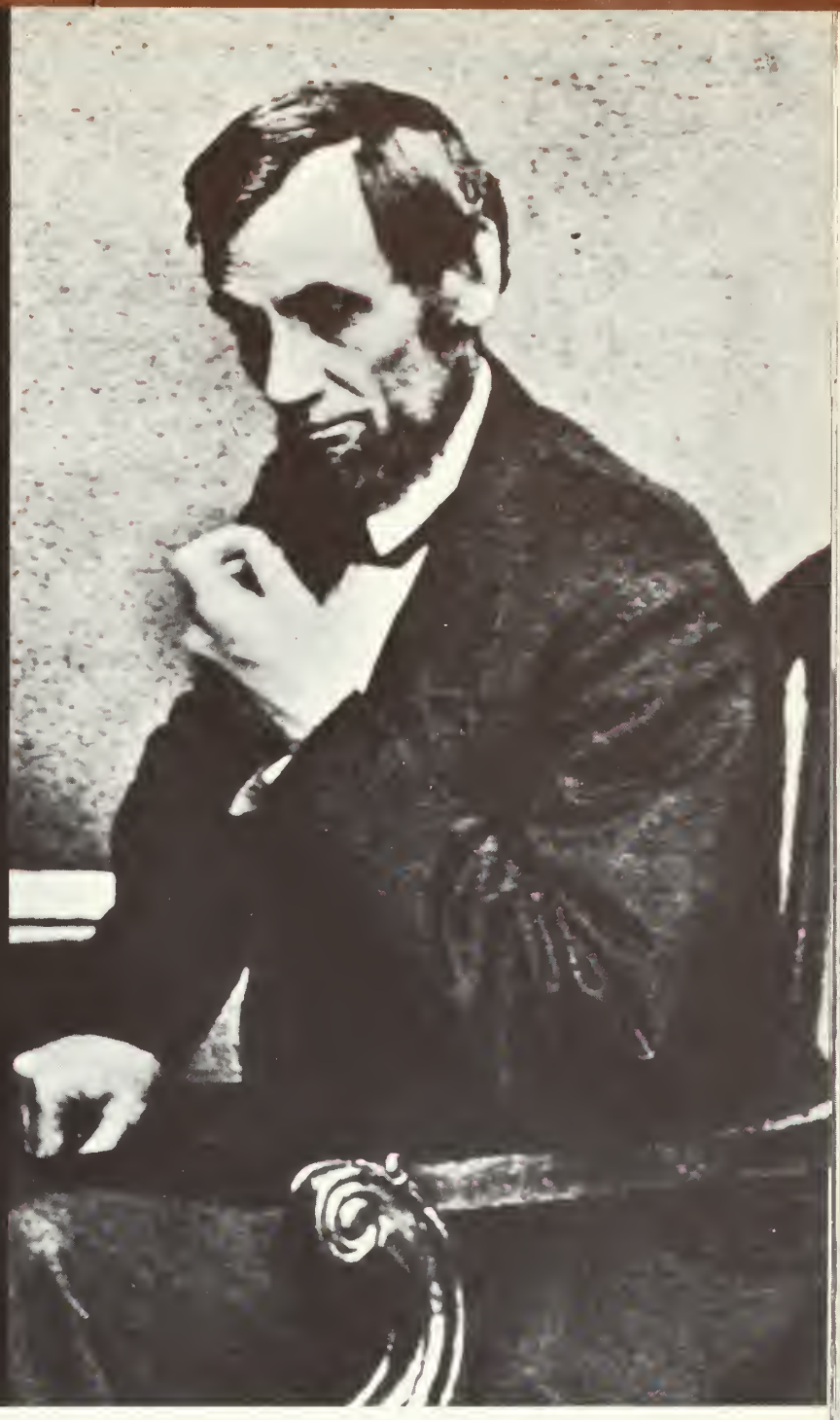
"The people think there is a royal road to
peace," says Abraham Lincoln. "They have no idea
that the war is to be carried out and put through
by hard, tough fighting that will hurt somebody..."
And in the South, a General
named Nathan Bedford Forrest says:
"War means fighting.
And fighting means killing."

6.

"This great trouble," Lincoln calls it, and mounting defeat, mounting casualties, wring from him a despairing: "My God! My God! What will the country say?"

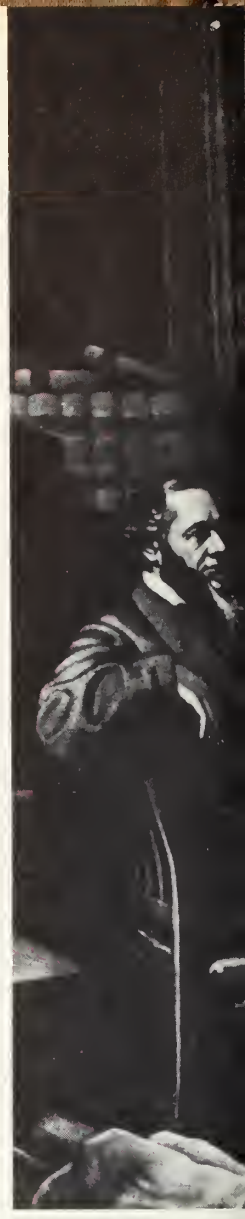
Long and hard he searches for a general to match
the military genius who is leading the South to victory
after victory over the numerically superior North,
a general to match Robert Edward Lee of Virginia, called
"the grandest figure on any field." And
second only to Lee in dash and brilliance is his strong
right arm, General Stonewall Jackson.
"It is called the Army of the Potomac," says Lincoln,
"but it is only McClellan's bodyguard."

General-in-Chief George McClellan has
organized a powerful striking force,
but hesitates to strike; he falters, waits. Says
the President: "He has got the slows."
"Delay is ruining us." McClellan cavalierly
brushes aside the President's counsel, but Lincoln
is patient: "I will hold McClellan's horse
if he will only bring us success."



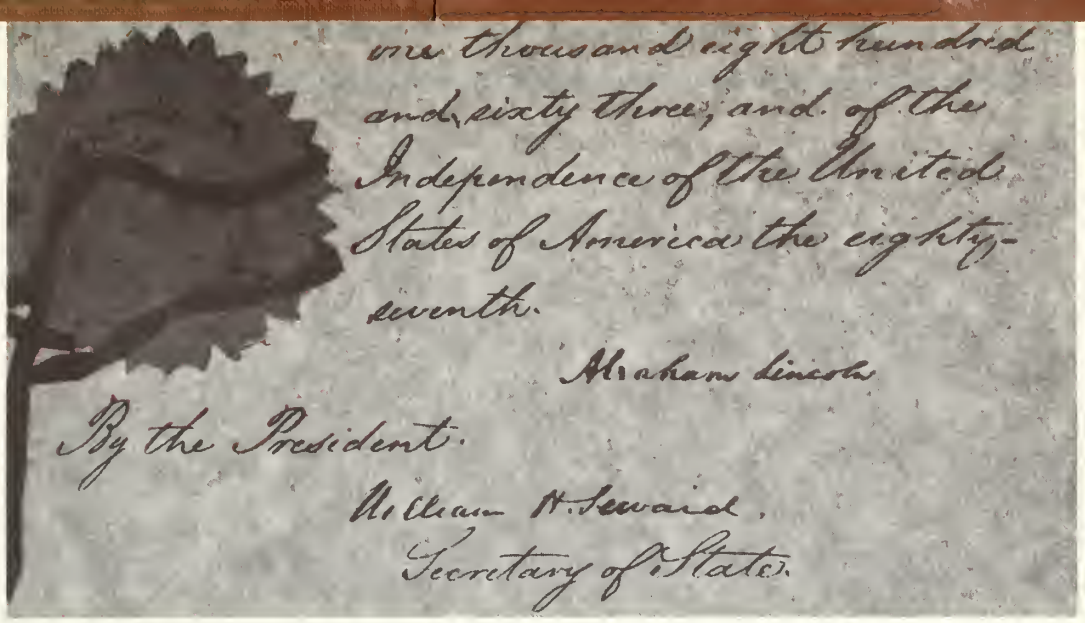
But instead of successes, the new Military
Telegraph clicks out: heavier casualties,
more retreat. Black bulletins pour into the
War Department in Washington
where Abraham Lincoln reads the dispatches and
broods upon their larger meanings.
"The struggle of today," he says, "is not
altogether for today. It is for a vast future also."

To Lincoln, the enduring Union of a free people in this free, expanding land is "the last, best hope of earth." The whole war is a testing whether his countrymen shall "nobly save, or meanly lose" this last, best hope—democracy's future, America's future. "The dogmas of the quiet past," he says, "are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country." And he rises with the occasion by giving the war a higher significance, a deeper purpose. In midsummer of 1862, he presents to his Cabinet the draft of an Emancipation Proclamation. He will strengthen the cause of the Union by freeing the slaves. But the Cabinet cautions, the Proclamation can have little force or effect if issued amid continuing Union disaster.



And then it comes:
a Union victory—one of the
bloodiest days of the war,
when Lee's advance into Maryland
is checked at the battle of
Antietam, with appalling casualties
on both sides.
Now the first phase of emancipation
can be proclaimed to the world
as "an act of justice, warranted
by the Constitution
upon military necessity."

"In giving freedom to the slave,"
says Abraham Lincoln, "we assure freedom to
the free—honorable alike in what
we give, and what we preserve." For him,
the Emancipation Proclamation is
"the central act of my administration, and the
great event of the Nineteenth Century."

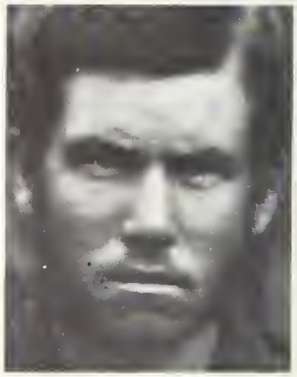

one thousand eight hundred and sixty three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

Abraham Lincoln

By the President.

William H. Seward,
Secretary of State.

They have builded Him an altar
in the evening dews and damps;
I have seen Him in the watch fires
of a hundred circling camps...
As the war goes on, the Battle Hymn
of the Republic sings of it as
a crusade, a noble mission.
As He died to make men holy,
let us die to make men free.



But Lincoln's thoughts are with the soldiers—
the men of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville,
of Vicksburg and Gettysburg—when he says:
"This war of ours, in its magnitude and duration,
is one of the most terrible... it has carried
mourning into almost every home, until it can almost be
said that the 'Heavens are hung in black.' "

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on November 19th, 1863.
A cemetery is being dedicated, a burial ground for 6,000
soldiers, North and South, who fell here
last July; parades and speeches now, where once
the Union line broke Pickett's Charge.
For two hours the crowds are spellbound by the classic
oratory of the greatest speaker of his day,
Edward Everett, diplomat and scholar. The President's
speech is secondary. He has been asked to
make only "a few appropriate remarks."

But in his words the meaning of Gettysburg—of the war itself—is caught for all time: "... that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
The speech evokes little interest. Lincoln thinks it a failure.

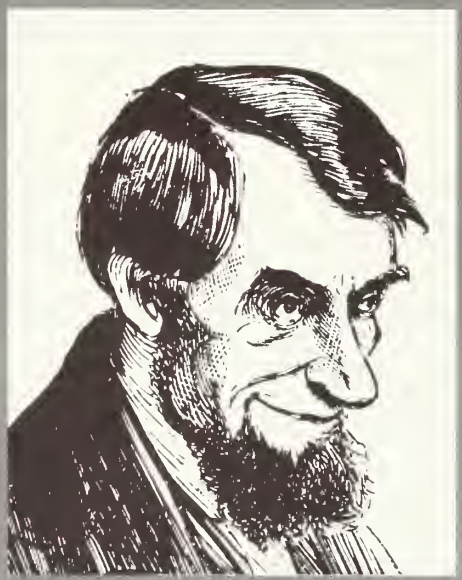
In the privacy of a White House
sometimes threatened by Confederate capture,
a wearied President must find what
relief he can. His chief delight is his
little Tad, whom he habitually
pampers and spoils. "But," says Lincoln, "his
brother Bob was just such a little
rascal, and now he is a very decent boy."

The First Lady—
Mary Todd Lincoln—an
adoring wife, but
emotionally unstable,
overly fond of
extravagance and display.
She shines at White
House balls and
levees where the President
is awkward and
uncomfortable. He
much prefers to
meet people informally,
to learn what they
think and say.

But midway in 1864, the
political talk is that Lincoln
will not, cannot be re-elected. The war
drags on, the casualties multiply.
Who is to blame?
The President.

Says Lincoln: "If there is a
worse place than Hell, I am in it."
With the South still undefeated,
the North itself falls prey to rampant
disloyalty and violent dissension,
as in the savage New York
draft riots of the year before.
Bitter political antagonisms well up,
and Abraham Lincoln is vilified
and mocked in the press as no other
President has ever been.
They call him "clown" and "fiend,"
a laughing stock, "the Illinois beast."

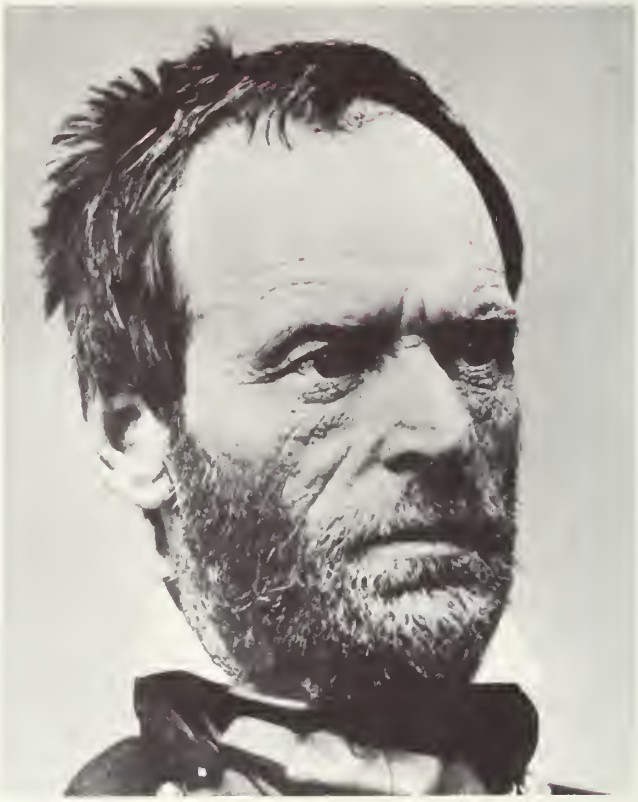
I WISH I WERE IN DIXIE

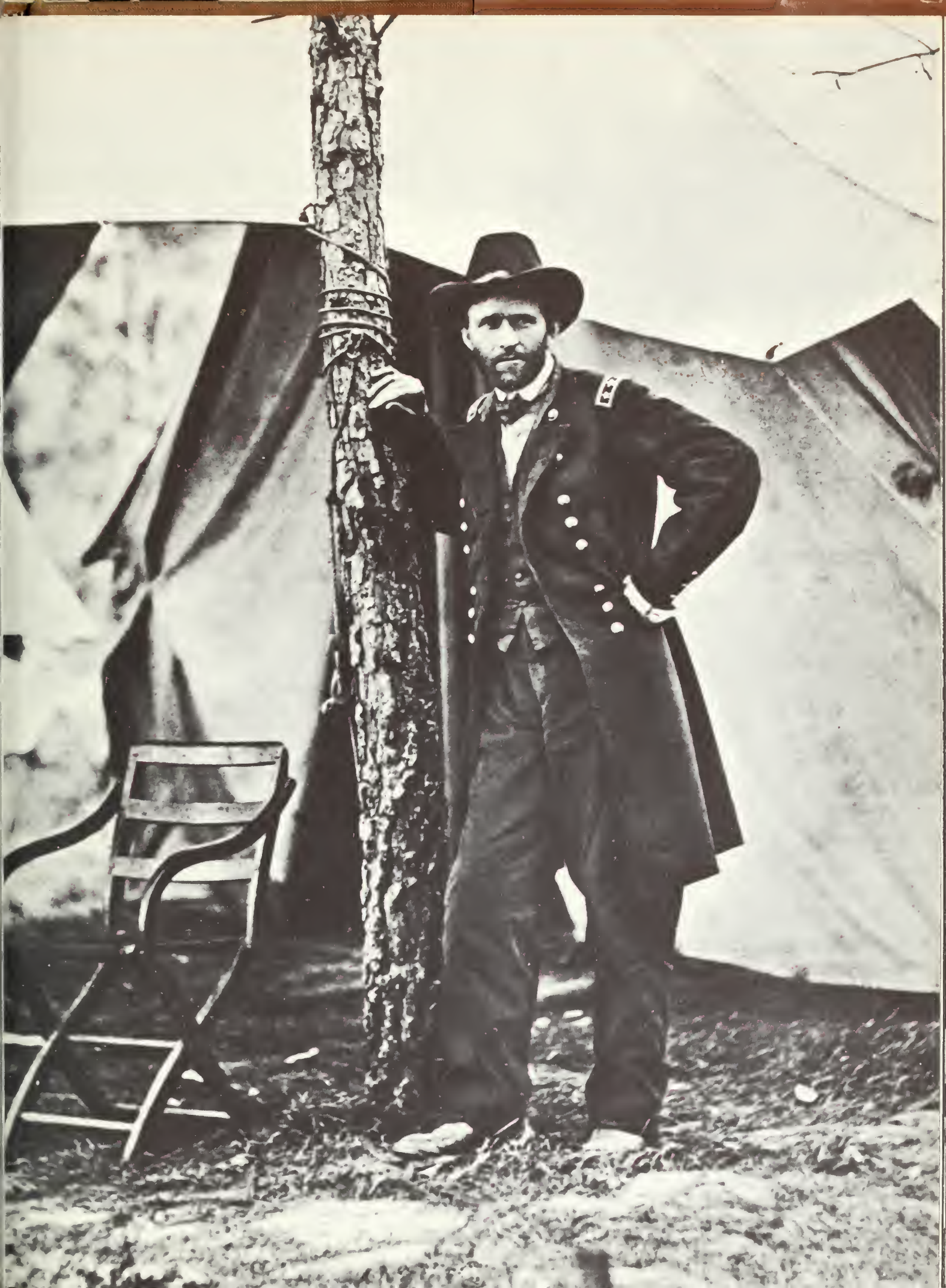


But the people are not misled.
As Lincoln says: "Truth is generally
the best vindication against slander."
And the people keep their faith in him,
the soldiers win him timely victories;
the election vindicates him.

LONG ABRAHAM
A LITTLE LONGER

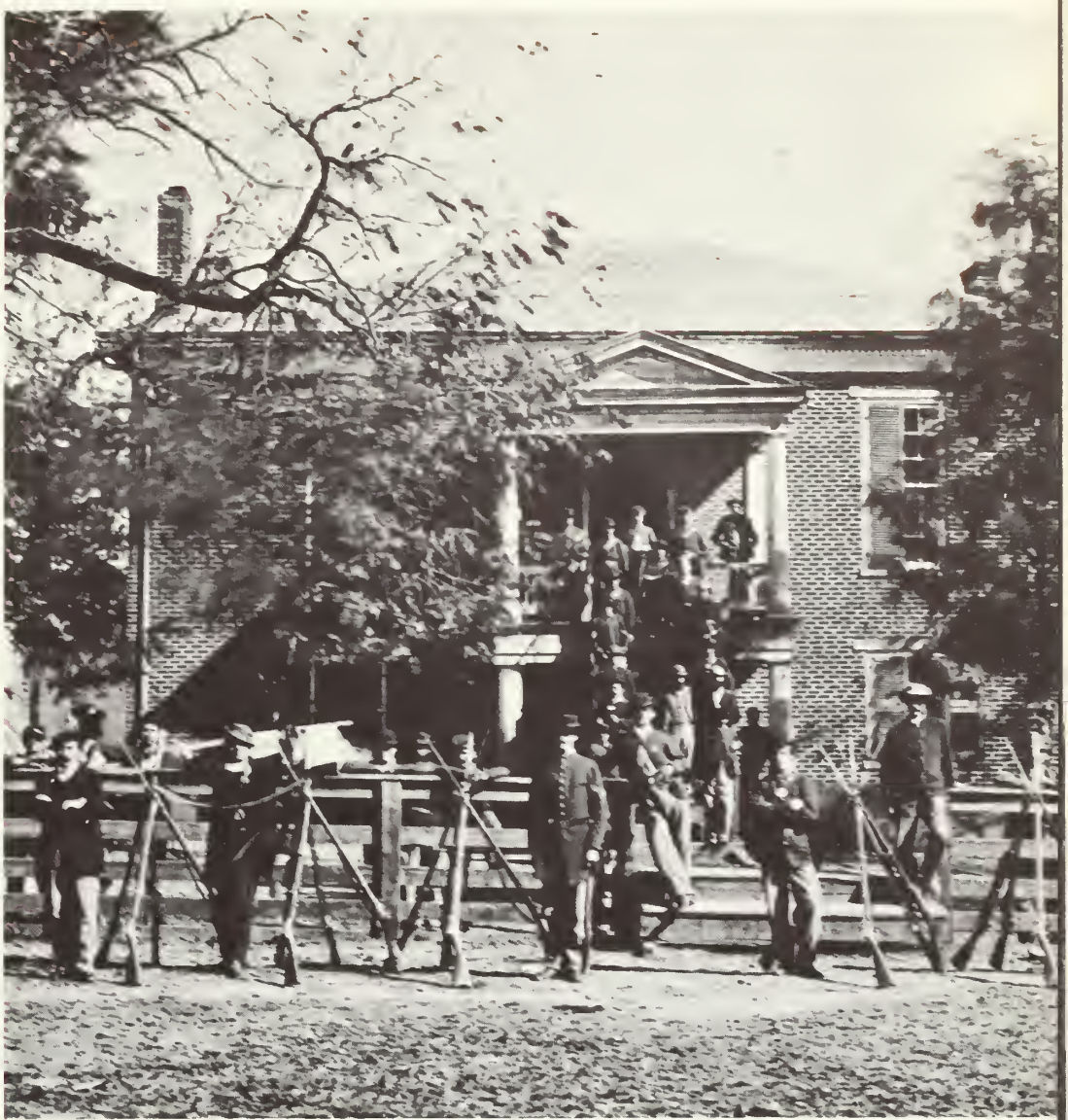
"I am a slow walker, but I never
walk back." And now at last
the pace quickens toward the goal
he so deeply yearns for: peace and Union.
By now he has not only the troops,
but he has found the man to lead
them: Ulysses S. Grant, who conquered
Vicksburg and split the Confederacy.
"I can't spare this man," says Lincoln.
"He fights."
And so does William Tecumseh Sherman,
who says: "War is cruelty
and you cannot refine it."





After more than three years of Civil War, Lincoln is able to tell the country: "We are not exhausted . . . we are gaining strength." The factories of the industrial North send mounting masses of new weapons to the fronts, while the Confederacy—blockaded, bled white of men and supplies—fights on nerve alone.

No longer can the rapier of
Robert Lee fend off the battering-ram
of Grant and Sherman from
the citadels of the South: Atlanta...
Savannah... Charleston...
Richmond itself.
As Robert Lee has said:
"It is well that war is so terrible,
or we should become too fond of it."
With half a million dead,
North and South, America, at last,
has its fill of war.



Palm Sunday. The great stillness comes at Appomattox, in Virginia. After four years of unequal struggle, the South surrenders. The arms are stacked.

And a Union general,
Joshua Chamberlain of the 20th Maine
—remembering—pays tribute
to the soldiers of the Confederacy:
"Before us in proud humiliation stood
the embodiment of manhood:
Men whom neither toils nor sufferings,
nor the fact of death, nor
disaster, nor hopelessness could
bend from their resolve:
Standing before us now, thin, worn and
famished, but erect, with eyes looking
level into ours, waking memories that
bound us together as no other bond—
Was not such manhood to be welcomed back
into a Union so tested and assured...?
How could we help falling on our
knees, all of us together, and praying
God to pity and forgive us all!"

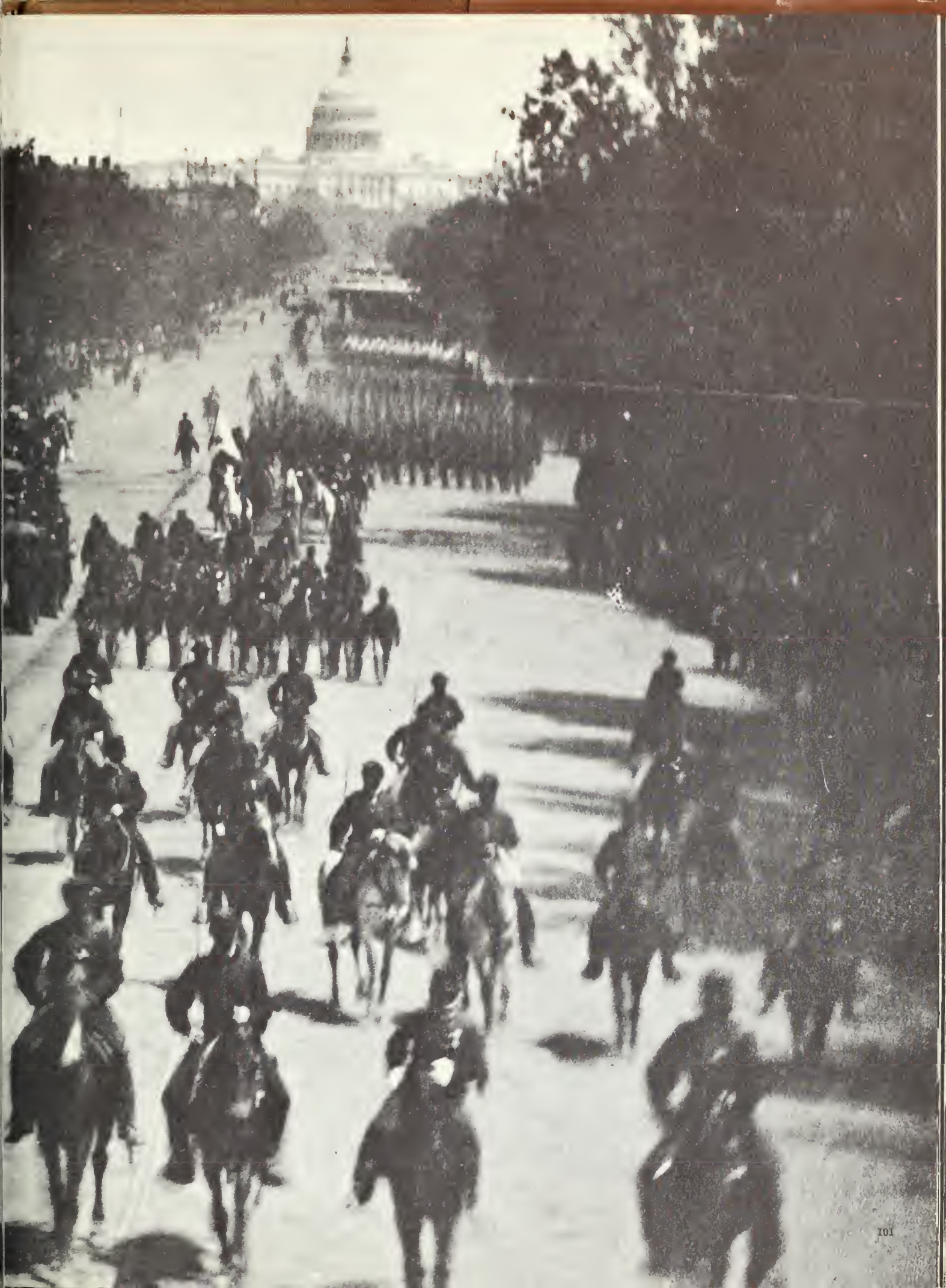
2d Edition.

LEE SURRENDERS

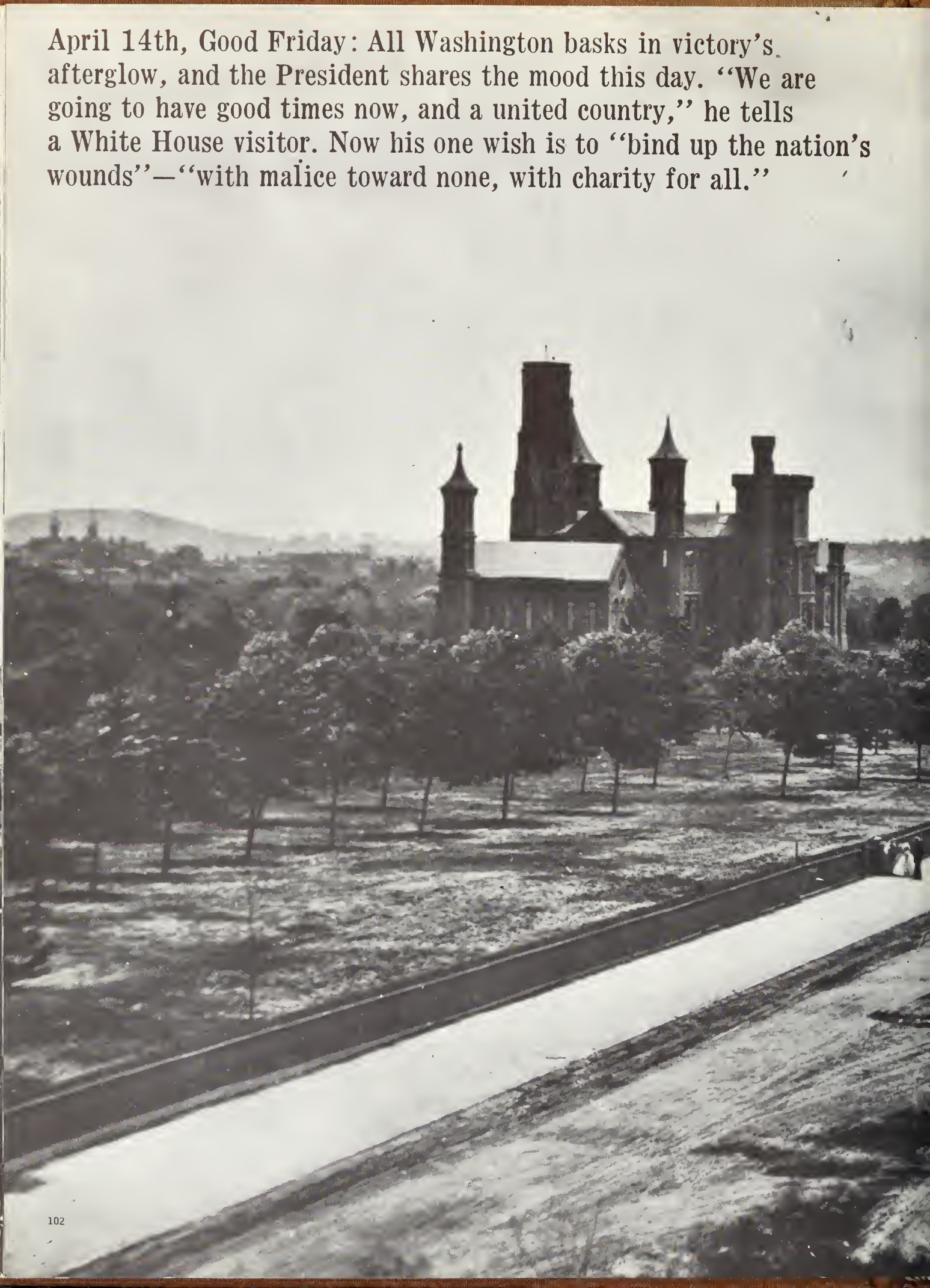
Glory to God in the Highest:

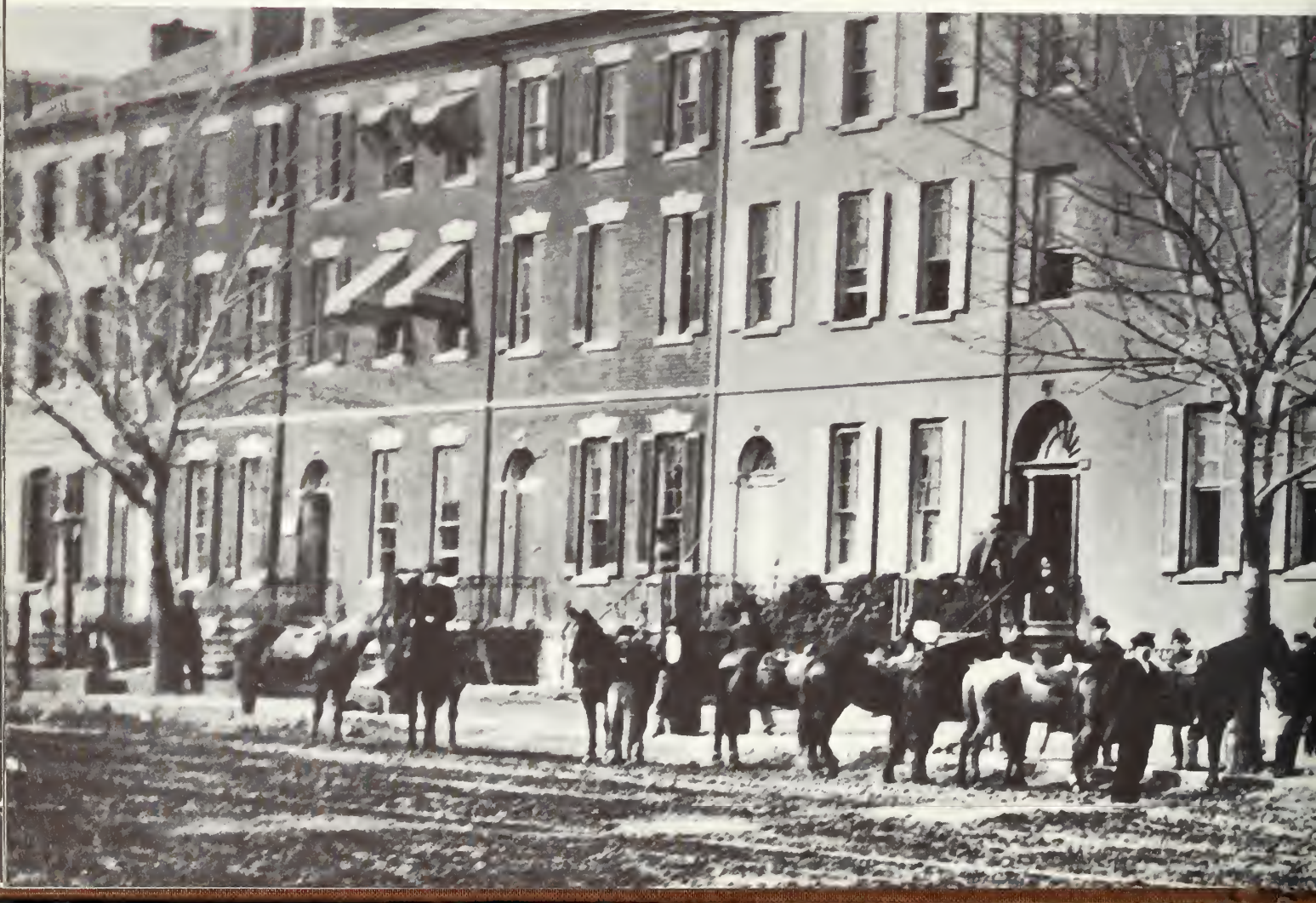
Peace on Earth, Good will

Amongst Men.



April 14th, Good Friday: All Washington basks in victory's afterglow, and the President shares the mood this day. "We are going to have good times now, and a united country," he tells a White House visitor. Now his one wish is to "bind up the nation's wounds"—"with malice toward none, with charity for all."





In late afternoon, he and Mary go for a
carriage ride through the city,
and he speaks cheerfully of their future:
a trip to Europe perhaps, when his term
is over, and then—quiet years
again in Springfield. But now, today, with
"the great trouble" past,
"I never felt so happy," he says.

This evening he and Mary are going to the theatre—Ford's Theatre. It has been in the papers that the President will attend. The whole town knows it.

FORD'S THEATRE

TENTH STREET, ABOVE E.

SEASON II ..... WEEK XXXI..... NIGHT 196
WHOLE NUMBER OF NIGHTS, 465

JOHN T. FORD ..... PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
(Also of Holliday St. Theatre, Baltimore, and Academy of Music, Phil'a.)
Stage Manager ..... J. B. WRIGHT
Treasurer ..... H. CLAY FORD

Friday Evening, April 14th, 1865

LAST NIGHT
OF MISS
LAURA KEENE

THE DISTINGUISHED MANAGERESS, AUTHORESS AND ACTRESS.
Supported by
JOHN DYOTT and HARRY HAWK.

TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED ECCENTRIC COMEDY

As originally produced in America by Miss Keene, and now crowned by her appearance of

ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS,

ENTITLED

OUR AMERICAN
COUSIN

FLORENCE TRENCHARD.....MISS LAURA KEENE
(Her original character.)

Abel Murcott, Clerk to Attorney.....John Dyott
Asa Trenchard.....Harry Hawk
Sir Edward Trenchard.....T. C. GOURLAY
Lord Dundreary.....E. A. EMERSON
Mr. Coyle, Attorney.....J. MATTHEWS
Lieutenant Vernon, R. N.....W. J. FERGUSON
Captain De Boots.....C. BRAND
Binney.....G. [illegible]
Buddicomb, a valet.....J. [illegible]
John Whicker, a gardener.....J. L. DE BONAY
Bailiffs.....G. A. PARKHURST and L. JOHNSON
Mary Trenchard.....Miss J. GOURLAY
Mrs. Mountchessington.....Mrs. H. MUZZY
Augusta.....Miss. H. TRUEMAN
Georgiana.....Miss M. HART
Sharpe.....Mrs. J. H. EVANS
Skilly.....Miss M. GOURLAY

PATRIOTIC SONG AND CHORUS
"HONOR TO OUR SOLDIERS."

Honor to our soldiers,
Our nation's greatest pride,
Who, neath our Starry Banner's folds,
Have fought, have bled and died;
They 're nature's noblest handiwork—
No King so proud as they.
God bless the heroes of the land,
And cheer them on their way."

Words by H. B. Phillips; Music Composed and Arranged by Prof. William Withers, Jr.; Solos by Miss M. Hart, H B. Phillips and George M. Arth, and the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Company.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 15,

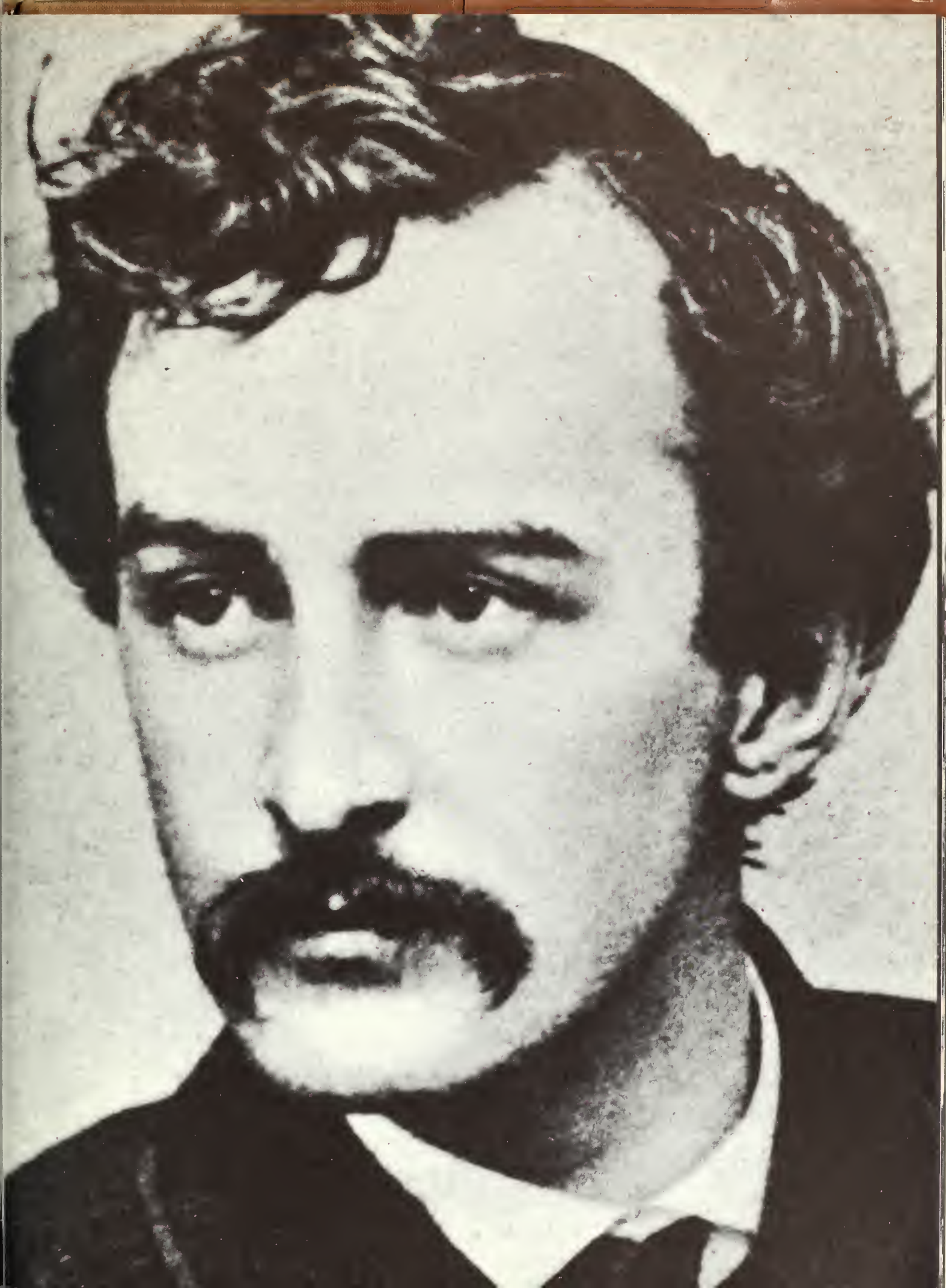
BENEFIT of Miss JENNIE GOURLAY

When will be presented BOURCICAULT'S Great Sensation Drama,

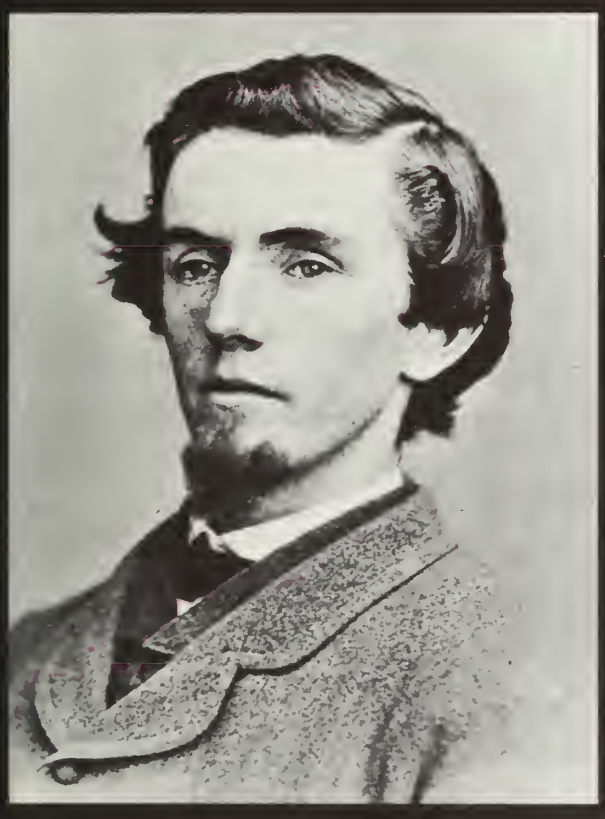
THE OCTOROON

Easter Monday, April 17, Engagement of the YOUNG AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN,

And so does an actor named John Wilkes Booth.
Feverishly romantic, insanely vain,
he has appointed himself avenging angel for the
South's defeat, and enlisted...



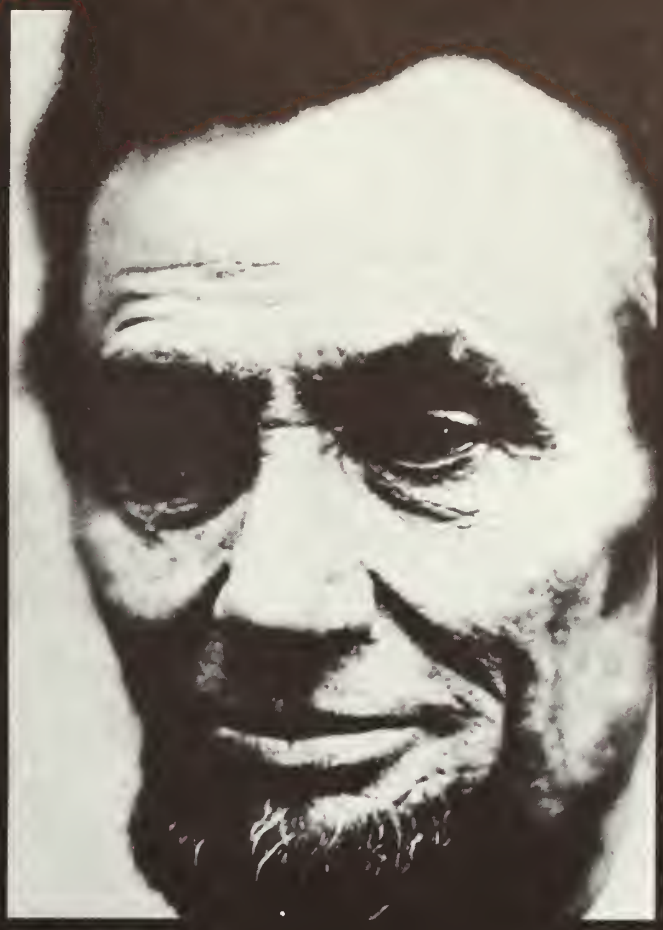
a band of conspirators—
deserters, mental defectives, thugs—
in a plot
against the Government.



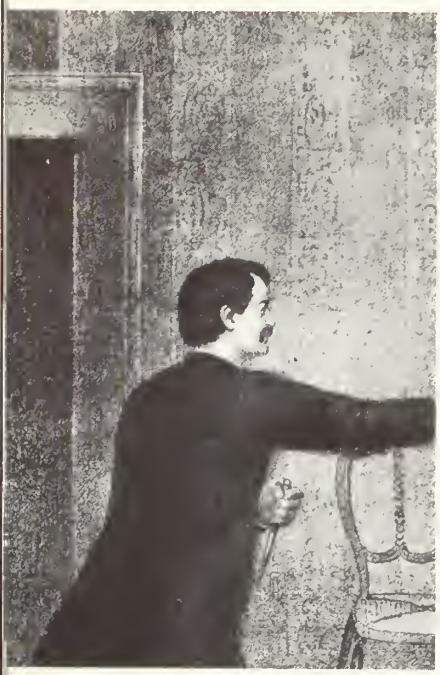
The leading role he has reserved for himself.

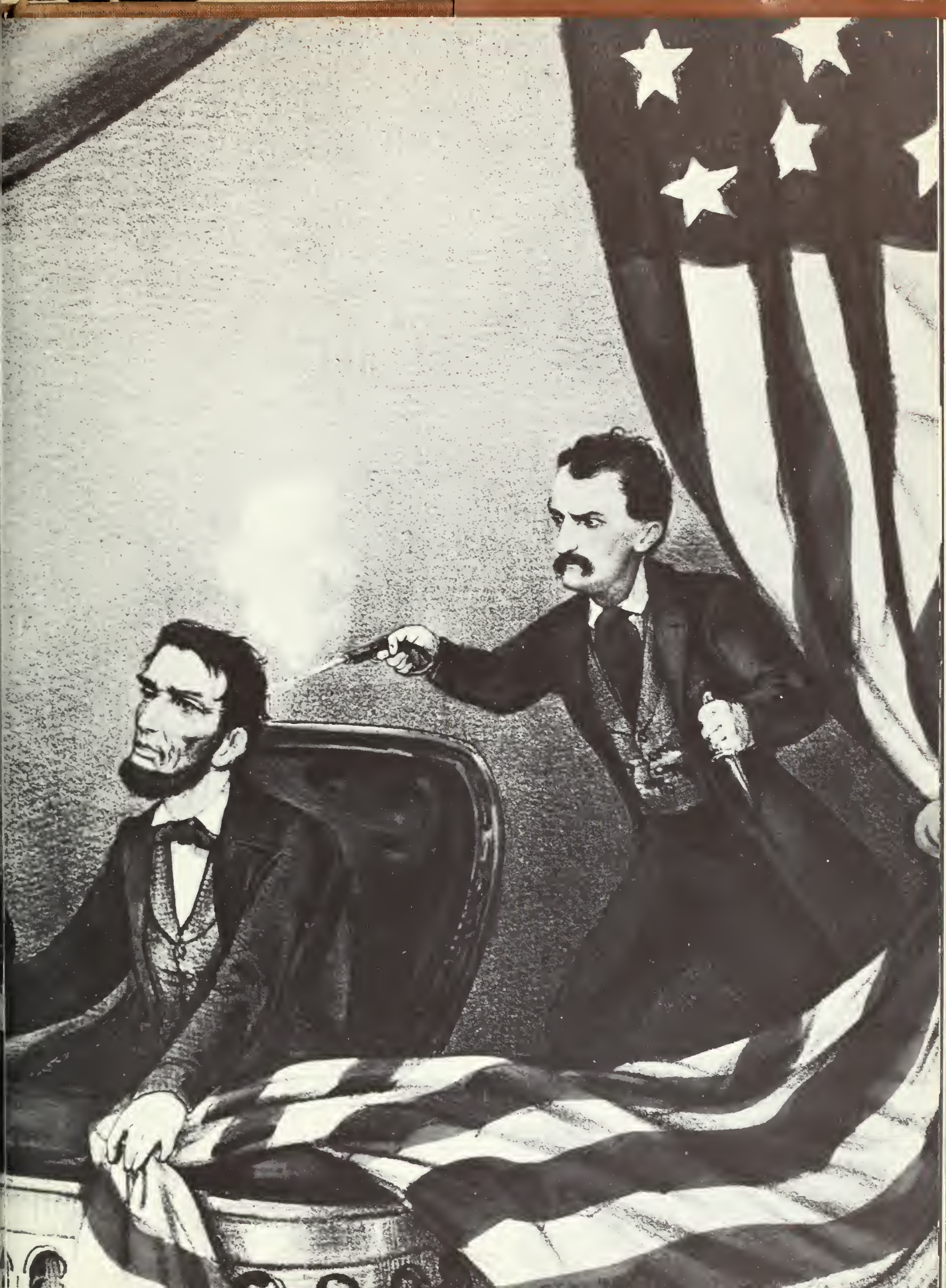
Tonight

he will assassinate the President.



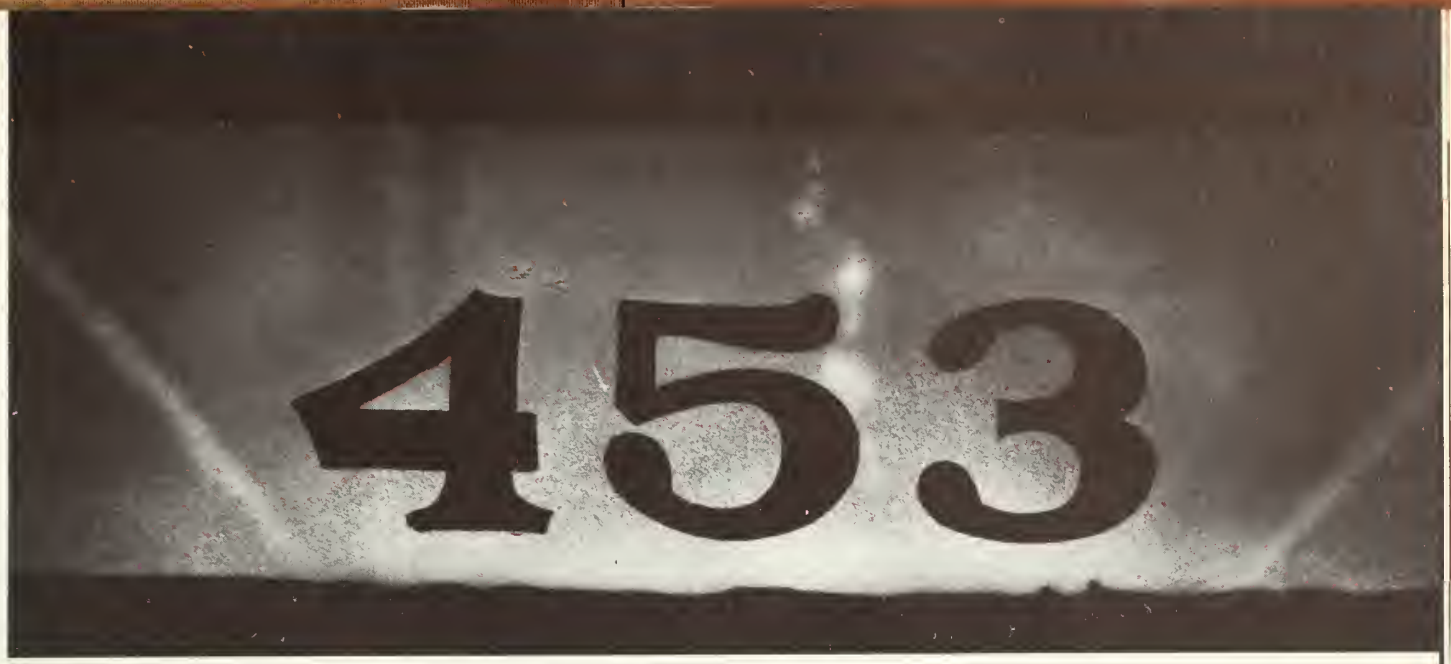
The President is disinclined
to attend the theatre this
evening, but he has promised his
wife and he does not
wish to disappoint the people.
"It is the kind of engagement
I never break," he says.





"Ever thus to tyrants!"
shouts the assassin as he flees.

A doctor from the audience examines
the President's wound. "It is mortal," he says.
"He cannot recover."
Six soldiers carry him unconscious into
the night, across Tenth Street,
to a boarding house where the nearest
empty bed can receive him.
In the house of strangers, at the end
of a strange corridor, Abraham Lincoln
finds the end of his road.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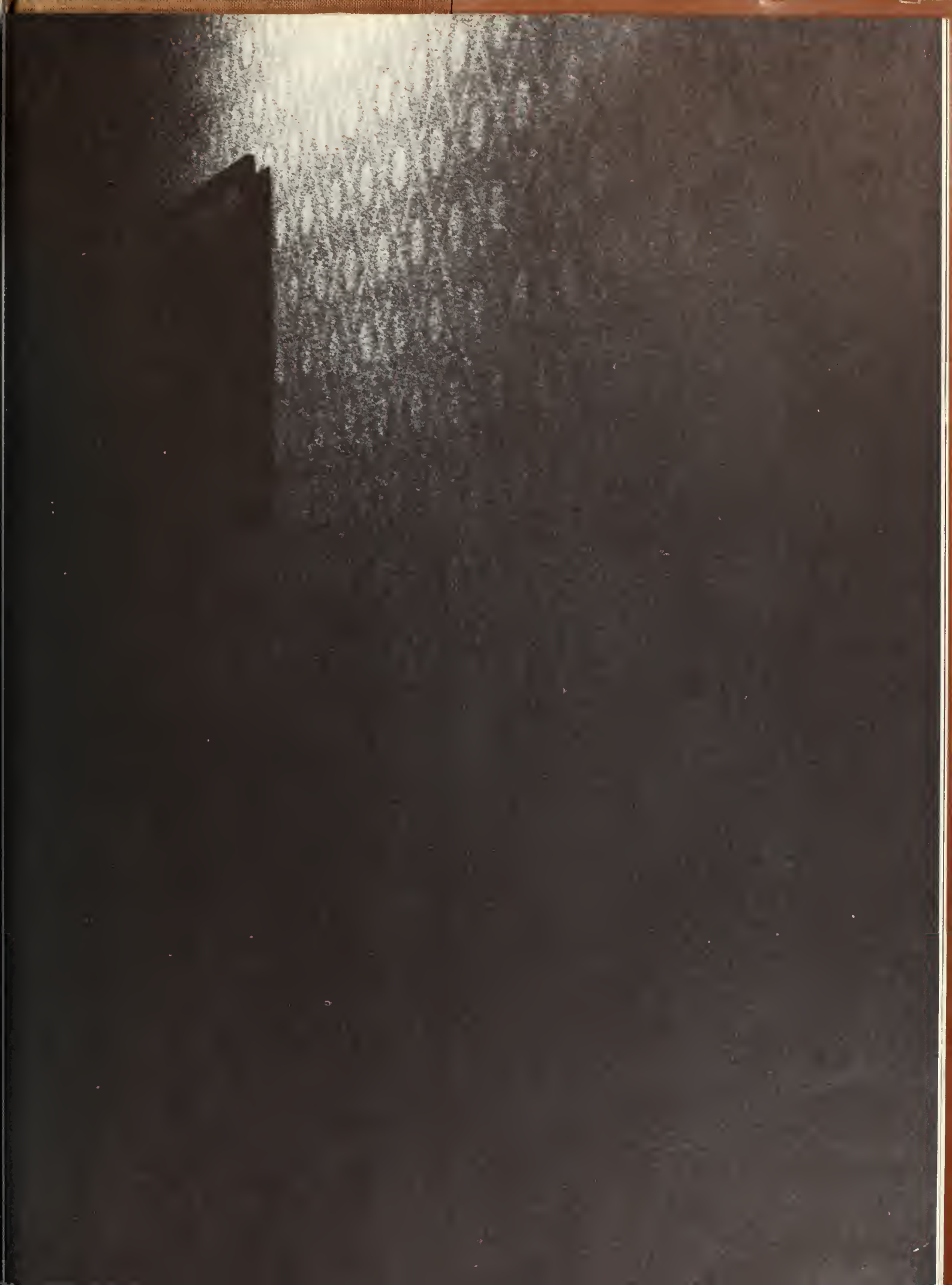
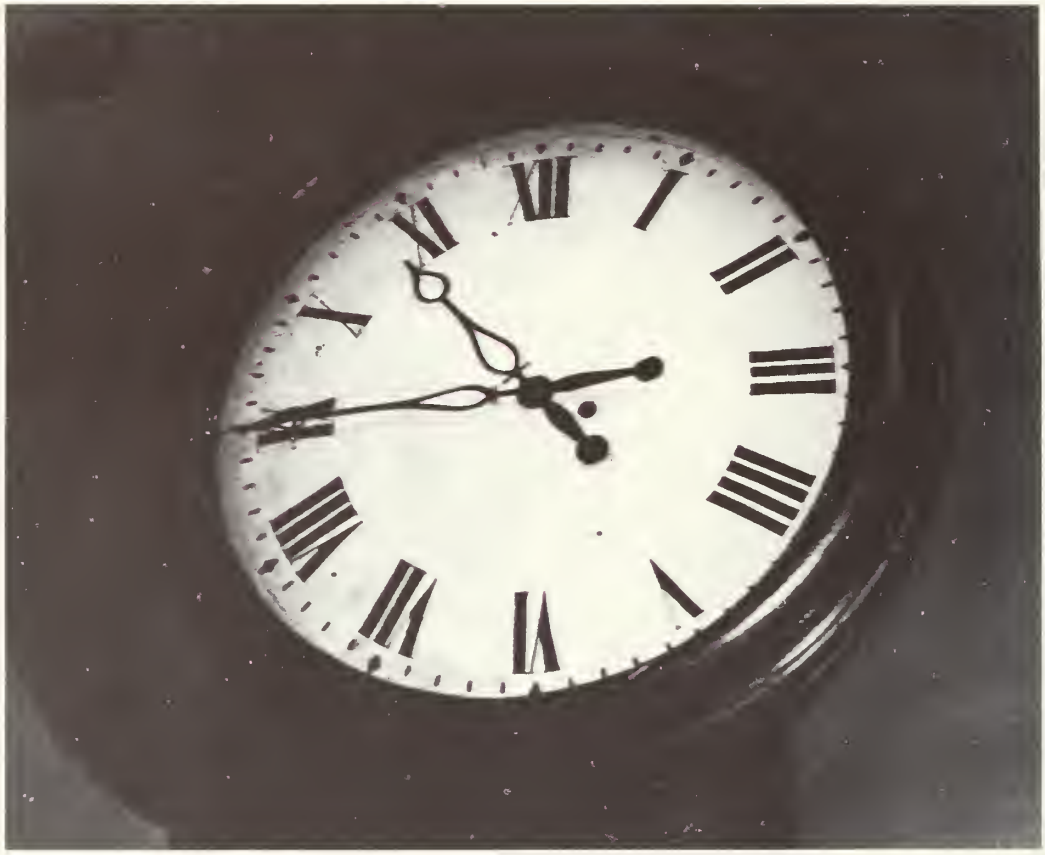
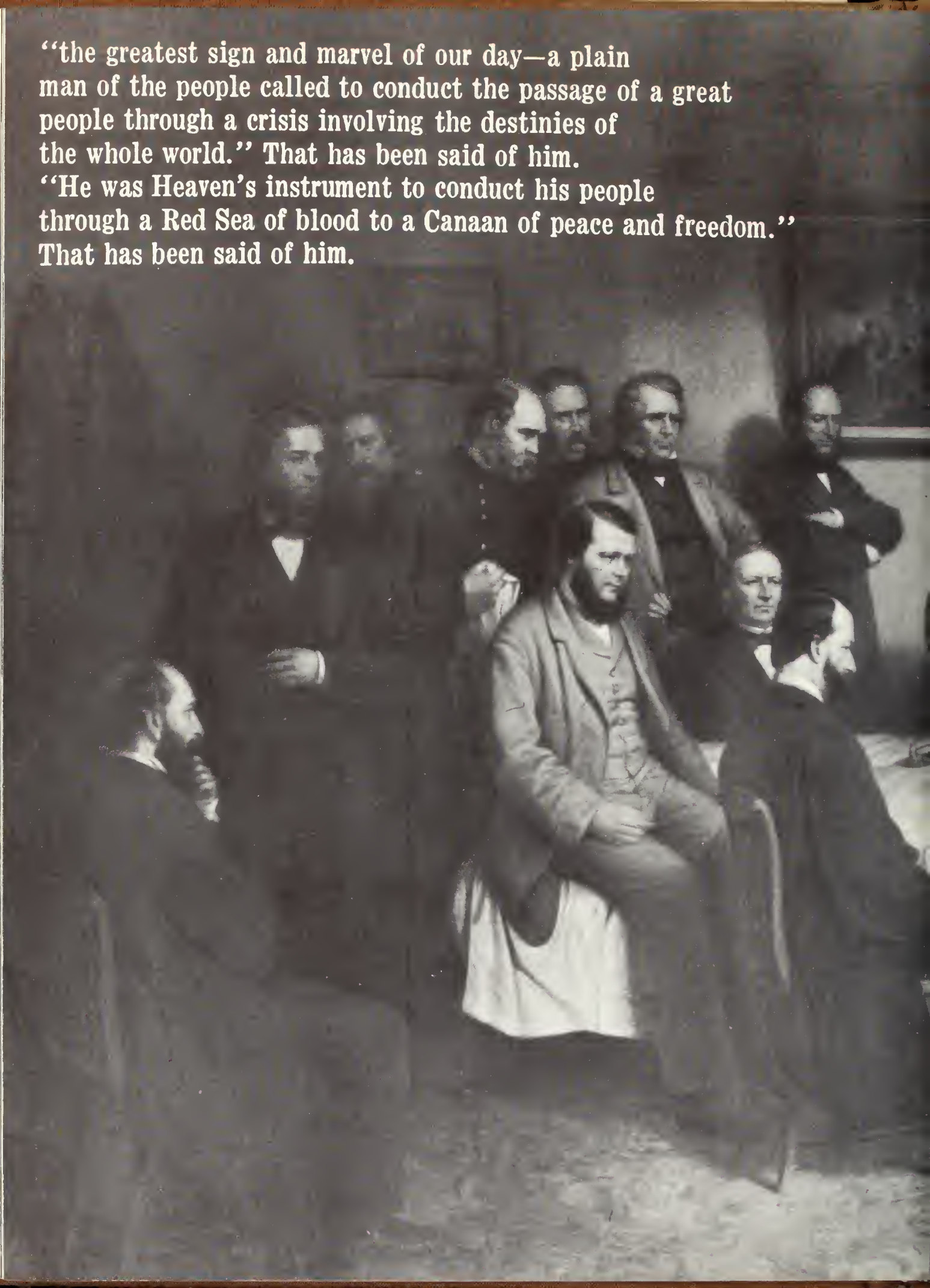




Now all that has ever been said against him recedes

and fades, and men begin to remember the other words:

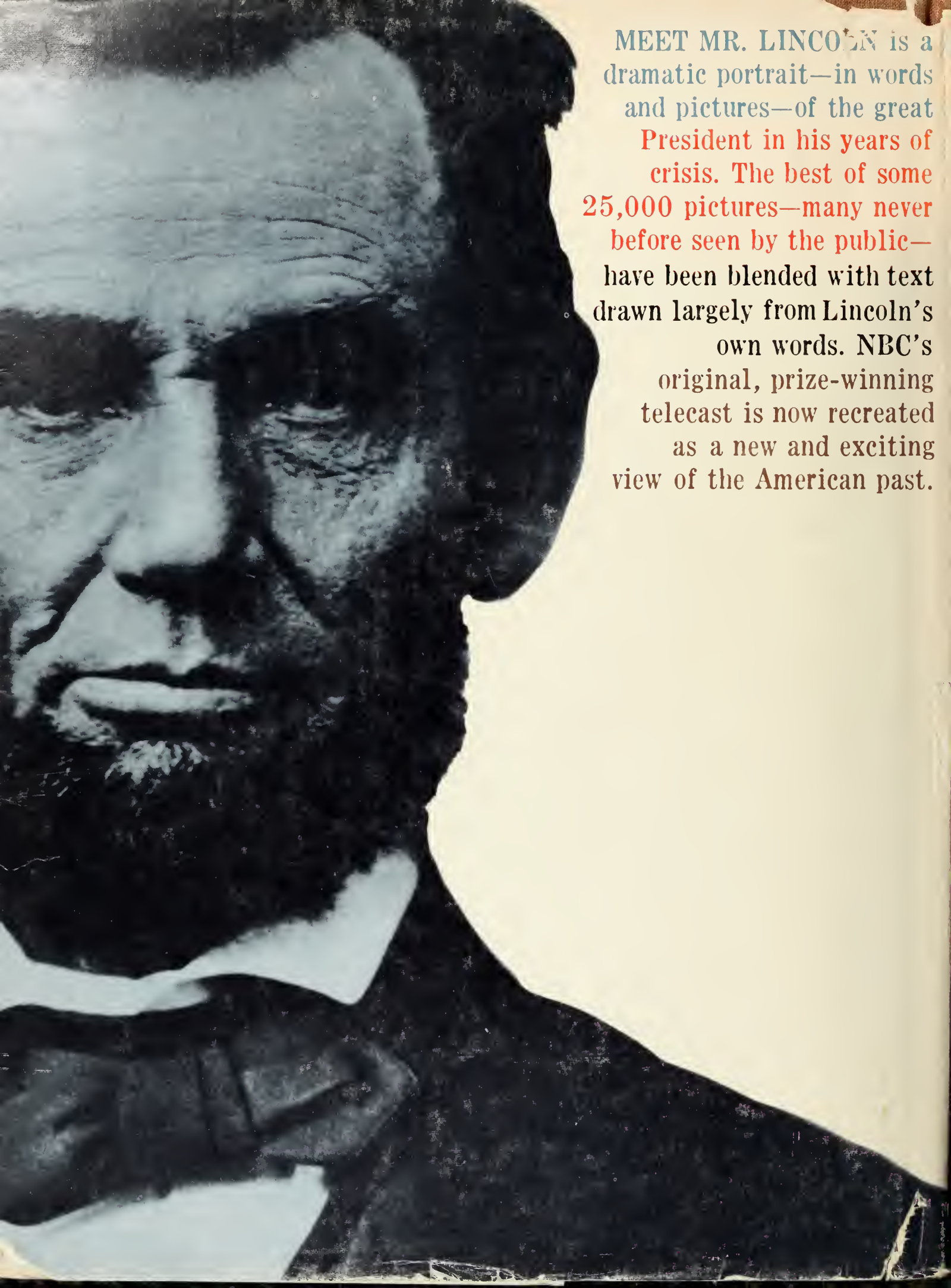
"the greatest sign and marvel of our day—a plain man of the people called to conduct the passage of a great people through a crisis involving the destinies of the whole world." That has been said of him. "He was Heaven's instrument to conduct his people through a Red Sea of blood to a Canaan of peace and freedom." That has been said of him.



Once, during the war, when he was urged to rest, to ease his burden, he had answered: "The tired part of me is inside and out of reach." Now his rest will be long.

Twenty-two minutes past seven on the morning of April 15th, 1865:
"Now he belongs to the ages."

The visual elements are the result of perhaps the most extensive picture search ever made in the Lincoln archives of the nation. The text that accompanies them is the same as was used on the air. In blending Richard Hanser's vivid narration with still pictures on a printed page, instead of moving on a screen, MEET MR. LINCOLN has used fresh design techniques to achieve a sense of pace, flow, and dramatic integration which makes this book a choice and lasting contribution to Lincoln literature, as well as a rare and rewarding experience for anyone with a taste for the drama of the American past.



MEET MR. LINCOLN is a dramatic portrait—in words and pictures—of the great President in his years of crisis. The best of some 25,000 pictures—many never before seen by the public—have been blended with text drawn largely from Lincoln's own words. NBC's original, prize-winning telecast is now recreated as a new and exciting view of the American past.